

B A D ATTITUDE

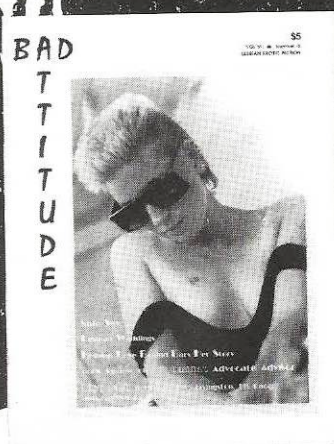
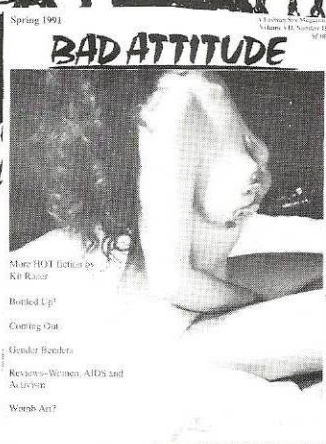
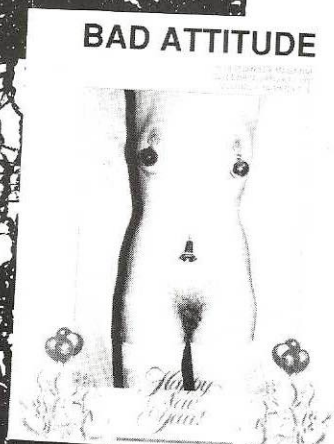
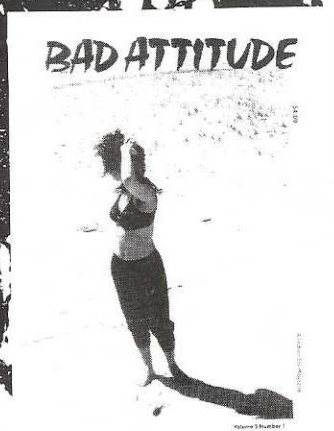
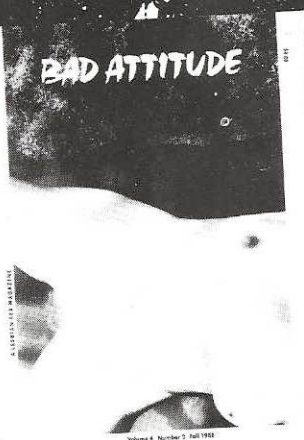
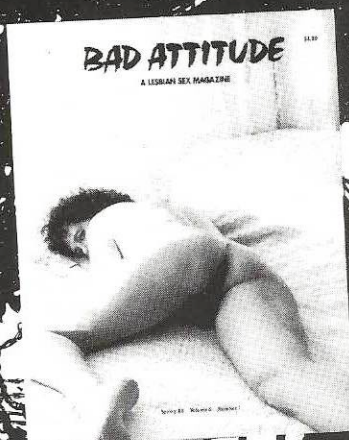
Volume 8 Number 1 Lesbian Erotic Fiction

24

BANNED IN CANADA



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Bad Attitude
P.O. Box 39110
Cambridge, MA 02139

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**BANNED IN
CANADA**

COPS HAVE BAD ATTITUDE! OUTRAGE OVER RAID AT GLAD DAY!

Bad Attitude
Vol. VIII Number I

This magazine is called Bad Attitude because that's what women who take their sexuality into their own hands (so to speak) are told they have.

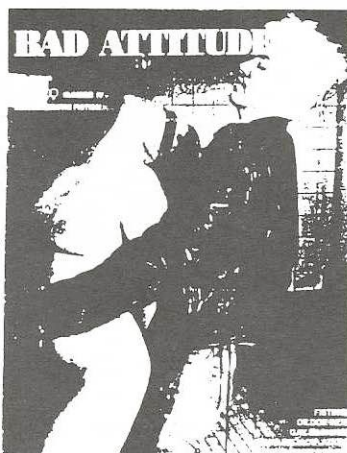
Jasmine Sterling ... Publisher
Mmmm ... Art Director

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Bad Attitude
P. O. Box 390110
Cambridge, MA 02139

Subscriptions are \$24/year (6 issues) for individuals, and \$40 for institutions and overseas subscriptions. Single copies and back issues are \$5 each. All submissions must be accompanied by the author's or artist's pen-name, and biographical sketch no longer than 30 words. Written material must be typed and double spaced. Please enclose a SASE with all submissions or it will not be returned.

Front cover photo by J. R. Purvis
Back cover photo by J. R. Purvis
Contents photo by Joyce Luzar



Officers from Project Pornography raided the gay and lesbian Glad Day Bookstore on April 30. For selling Bad Attitude, a magazine by and for lesbians, Glad Day's manager has been charged with selling obscenity. The owner of Glad Day will also be charged on May 4.

Show the cops that we can't stand *their* bad attitude, and we want *ours* back!

DEMONSTRATE & MARCH!

SATURDAY MAY 2. CHURCH & WELLESLEY. 10 PM.

CCACC



Organized by Xtra! Magazine, Buddies in Bad Times Theatre, & the Canadian Committee Against Customs Censorship. Endorsed by Queer Nation & the Ontario Coalition Against Film & Video Censorship.

Local gay bookstore busted for selling lesbian S/M mag

Community activists meet to plan legal and political defence

By GLENN WHEELER

Just as Glad Day Bookshop prepares to go to court next week against censorship of softcore gay porn by customs agents two years ago, police have charged the store's owner and an employee with obscenity for selling a lesbian S/M (sadoomasochism) magazine.

A community meeting being held tonight (Thursday) at the 519 Church community centre aims to plot the legal and political fight against the criminal charges, laid last week by officer Pat MacVicar of Project P, the joint Metro and Ontario provincial police anti-porn squad.

"There are certain things you can say in court that will fly, but there are probably more radical things you can say in lobbying public figures," says Jeff Moore of the Canadian Committee Against Customs Censorship (CCACC), the community group that has defended Glad Day over the past six years and is organizing tonight's meeting.

Irrelevant test

The Glad Day bust is one of the first since the Butler decision handed down by the Supreme Court of Canada in February.

When Donald Butler's acquittal for selling hardcore hetero porn was appealed to the Supreme Court of Canada, the judges came up with a new definition of "obscene." Previously, "community standards of tolerance" were the test used by judges. Now, it's the "degradation or dehumanization test" of women by men.

Of course, such an analysis is not relevant to gay/lesbian porn. In gay male porn, there are no women. And in *Bad Attitude* — the lesbian magazine busted last week — there are pictures of the domination of women, but by other women.

Jasmine Sterling, editor of the 3,000-circulation magazine pub-



Bad Attitude offers women advice and erotica.

MEDIA

lished in Cambridge, Massachusetts, says fewer than 100 copies are shipped to Canada.

The current issue of *Bad Attitude* has a letter from Nora in Kansas, who says she's now ready for "fist-ing, piercings, pain," as well as a short story titled *Hot Buttered Bum* ("I was quivering inside with wonderful dread"), and a story in which the author fantasizes about blindfolding and handcuffing a "rich yuppie girl."

Says Sterling, "In the coming issue, we have several articles on female ejaculation. That's something a lot of women don't even believe we can do."

Lesbian selection

"We're dealing with freedom of the press here. People have a right to buy erotic literature if they want to buy it."

Sterling wonders why the police have singled out the only S/M women's magazine published in North America when there is lots of hetero S/M stuff on store shelves.

"The law was probably written to prevent women from being de-

meaned by males. If a woman is dominating another woman or humiliating her, or whatever, that's part of lesbian sexuality.

"My opinion is, it doesn't matter who's doing what to whom, as long as it's safe, sane and consensual, between consenting adults. Then anything goes. But if you're talking about forcing someone, that's all wrong."

"This police officer went in and bought it. She's a grown woman. What crime is being committed?"

No complaint

Officer MacVicar says she cannot comment on the case because it is before the courts. She referred inquiries to detective sergeant Bob Matthews, head of Project P.

"I can tell you that there was no public complaint," Matthews says. "Officer MacVicar investigated and reached a certain conclusion that she felt the material was obscene, and laid the charge."

Matthews refuses to say whether the police consulted with a Crown attorney before laying the charge.

It's not standard procedure to go to a Crown, he says. "We go by previous court decisions and we judge ourselves accordingly. 'If you're asking me hypothetically (whether can we lay charges without consulting a Crown), yes.'"

NOW MAY 7-13, 1992

hundreds march in protest against seizure of lesbian sex magazine

Story by Jeff Harris
Photo by Jake Peters

About 500

demonstrators forced the temporary closure of both Yonge and College streets on the evening of May 2

as they marched to protest the recent bust of Glad Day Bookshop.

Waving placards and shouting their opposition to the raid, the group marched from Church and Wellesley, first to Glad Day on Yonge, then to Metro police headquarters on College. The protest was organized by Xtra and Buddies In Bad Times Theatre.

On Apr 30, two plainclothes OPP officers from Project P charged Tom Ivison, the manager of Glad Day, with selling obscene material contrary to Section 163(2)(a) of the Criminal Code. Project P is an operation run jointly by both the Metro Police and the OPP for the purpose of suppressing pornography.

A month earlier, Ivison had sold

a copy of the lesbian magazine *Bad Attitude* to Detective Constable Pat MacVicar, one of the arresting officers. Project P has deemed the magazine obscene.

MacVicar returned to the store May 4 to charge store owner John Scythes. Scythes says he's

years," he said.

Scythes has pulled all remaining copies of *Bad Attitude* from the shelves

obscurity." The Butler case changed the definition of obscenity from what the community would not tolerate being read or viewed by others to what the

obscene, then that's well within the law."

Clare Barclay, a lesbian member of the feminist caucus of the Ontario Coalition Against Film and Video Censorship, agrees with Moore that the charges were laid



Glad Day gets Butlered

Disesteud. Demonstrators gather on Church in front of the Second Cup before marching to Glad Day.

because, he says, "we need them for evidence."

The charges against Glad Day are apparently the first to be laid since the new definition of obscenity

community considers to be "harmful" to society.

"I don't feel that I've harmed anyone," Scythes says. "I consider this to be absurd."

Bad Attitude is a magazine published by and for lesbians. It

contains stories, comics and photographs of lesbian sexuality, including penetration and light bondage. It's printed in Cambridge, Massachusetts and had cleared Canada Customs. But Moore says: "Customs uses the argument that they can't catch everything, so if they miss something and the OPP deems it

is different in many ways from heterosexual material, and it's very important to us to have our own material to reinforce our identities."

Jeff Moore says the current charges are "further evidence that the government

of Canada wants to dictate how gays and lesbians perceive and express their sexuality."

Ivison's court date is set for May 21. He is to be fingerprinted, photographed, and formally booked May 14.

BUSTED. Glad Day Bookshop manager Tom Ivison spoke to the demonstrators who blocked Yonge in front of the bookstore.

surprised by the charges. "I didn't think they'd go for Glad Day ... because everything's about the same as it's been for six

handed down by the Supreme in its Feb 28 Butler decision.

Jeff Moore, cochair of the Canadian Committee Against Customs Censorship says the bust "is the effect of the Butler decision on



News

What a riot

a participant in two demonstrations & a riot within 48 hours, gordon bowness questions the demand for explanations

By Gordon Bowness

A cold wind

blew through the streets of Toronto and sent chills down my brown spine. But then, this city has always been cold.

"There's a riot, did you hear?" A preppy fag at Woody's squealed his question to me as I waited for him to finish with the phone.

"Yes I know... I was there."

"Is it dangerous?"

Before I could answer, he said: "I phoned the police and they told me to stay inside."

He proceeded to phone every one of his friends to tell them the big news, swallowing the media hype and relishing his role as on-the-ball gossip. He did not give a second thought, a human thought to the dramas unfolding one block away.

I didn't argue; I was too tired

and too upset from watching the angry arc of bricks smash windows and the angry arc of truncheons smash hopes. All I wanted to do was find my friend so he could give me a hug. I didn't find him.

I dreaded the coming days. I feared more trouble, more indifference. I knew everyone would be talking about the riot and that I would have to rise to the occasion and respond to the usual ignorance, laziness and fear of my co-workers — almost all of whom are white. I resented this responsibility. How would I explain a mob? How would I explain anger?

When was the last time any of them felt it necessary to explain, justify or even comment upon the violence of their community? How would they explain eight young black people shot by police? Or the Donald Marshall trials? Or why the Native Indian percentage of prison populations is 10 times larger than their percentage of the general population? How would they

explain the judicial system's behaviour, its irrationality, incoherence and anger? Would they fear a legitimized mob, operating under the pastel colours of authority?

But I must speak of what I saw in the shadows. There was a most beautiful man with pain welling up in his eyes as police let a group of racists approach the rally in front of the US consulate.

I saw fags, familiar from the Raid on Glad Day protest, hang a sign above the entrance to City Hall which said: "Stop the violence. Stop the hate." The crowd chanted, "Leave them alone!" when the cops tried to have them moved.

I saw someone with a Spanish accent warn a Chinese cop that his white partner, despite his hugs and back-patting, couldn't really like him.

I saw a white punk break a cornerstore window and many black

arms extended to grab cigarettes; then a number of blacks helped the terrified and angry Asian shopkeeper pick up what was left on the sidewalk; blacks argued with blacks.

I saw more blacks putting out a fire in the Holt Renfrew store five minutes before the fire department got there.

I saw hundreds of laughing, smiling suburban spectators enjoying a carnival.

I saw a line of mounted police repeatedly charge into the crowds, wielding two-foot clubs.

I did not see one professional politician. A friend asked whether or not the presence of hundreds of non-rock-throwing non-punch-throwing protesters, like me, legitimized the actions of the small number of more violent individuals. Maybe. But did his absence from the

protest legitimize inaction and the deadly status quo?

So there you are. We are stuck between a rock and a hard place. Now it is time for everyone to get to work. The myths of this country are falling apart. The heterosexual white male middle-class knows this, but they dare not believe it. We do.

As fags and dykes, we know that straight sexual and emotional repression is projected onto the perverts that they so terribly hate with envy.

As people of colour, we know that social inequality and thwarted ambition throughout the country means that a *beastly* other must be constructed by whites.

As Native Canadians know, whites were lost in this wild land, so they projected the evil of the *stranger* onto the rest of the world.

The time has come for new story-tellers. God gave Noah the rainbow sign, No more water, the fire next time.



Our Lives

Dear Ladies,
 Edie showed us a copy of your magazine.
 It's terrible. It's gross. It's insensitive. It
 pokes fun of almost all established
 womyn's traditions. Hubba Hubba!
 Please send us a subscription.
 Keep it hot!

Ricki
 Sandy

Dear Bad Attitude,
 About half a year ago our premises
 were searched by the police following a
 tip-off.
 Among the magazines that we had in
 stock was *Bad Attitude*. About a month
 later we were told that that magazine
 along with a few others were deemed
 obscene and if we had been distributing
 any of these magazines, a court case
 would have been prepared against us.
 We were also told by the police that
 sending such magazines through the post
 is a criminal offence, but because the mag-
 azines we had were not sent to us for
 financial gain, the matter was not taken
 further.

The Contact Centre (S/M)
 London

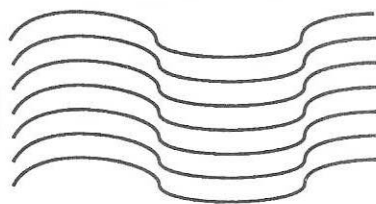
Dear *Bad Attitude*,
 This is a hot magazine. Hard to say if
 the stories or the pics turn me on more.
 I do have a concern though about a
 picture in Vol 7 Number 5.
 The collar & chain being hung over
 her head looks erotic. I first saw it and
 thought "I want." Later, I started wonder-
 ing about safety... If she were to throw
 her head back, as many do in pleasure,
 could there be danger of neck damage.
 Broken necks are not fun.
 I do like the magazine.

Cyndi

Dear *Bad Attitude*,
 I bought a copy of *On Our Backs* at
 Pride's in Northampton this past weekend
 (much to my lover's dismay) and saw your
 ad. My lover would REALLY be dismayed
 if she knew I have a newly-discovered
 interest in S/M, which is why I'm typing
 this secretly, at 2 a.m., yet.....
 Worcester (AKA Wormtown) is
 light years behind the rest of the country in
 lesbian visibility, so any advice you could
 pass along as to where the leatherdykes
 hang out in your area would be much
 appreciated.....
 Thanx,
 Pam

Dear *Bad Attitude*,
 Your magazine is the best I've ever
 seen. It makes a true statement about
 women & sex. The magazine is art. Would
 you happen to have any kind of new pic-
 tures or posters to send me about *Bad Atti-
 tude*?
 Andy

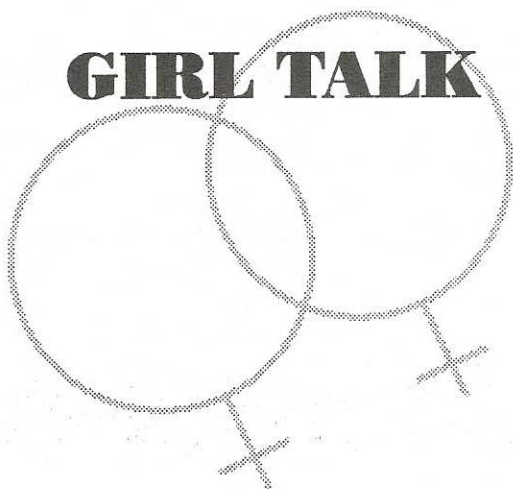
Bad Attitude answers:
 Thanks for appreciating *Bad Attitude*. At
 this time we are not selling posters or photos
 but in the future postcards and posters are
 being considered.



L E T T E R S



GIRL TALK



Dear Bad Attitude,

I am writing you about my relationship with a loving older lesbian couple I met two years while in the hospital recovering from a car accident which left me with an incontinence problem. Both these women are very dominating. Wendy is a doctor while Linda is a nurse.

A few days after leaving the hospital I was pleasantly surprised by a visit from them. They asked me to stay with them for one week, while my house was being painted. I was delighted.

My bedroom was an actual nursery in their home! Later that evening while having drinks with them I became drowsy. At this point the women started laughing and undressed me and put me into adult sized diapers, and a cotton nightshirt.

When I awoke the following day I was in ankle and leg restraints with two cribsides pulled up. My diapers were wet and messy.

Wendy explained that she wanted to keep me as their baby and I better behave or I'd be punished. Linda then put a large rubber nipple in my mouth and strapped it around my head. She then hung 3 large bags onto a metal stand and told me breakfast was ready. She hooked the tube to the nipple and adjusted the flow rate so I had to suckle the nipple or gag. I soon had all the bags drained.

I was taken to the bathroom in hand cuffs. My dirty diapers were removed, I was scrubbed clean and Wendy smeared a cream on my lower body and underarms. I was soon on FIRE. I stood for about 8 minutes with this nasty cream on my body. Wendy then took the massage nozzle and washed it off me. I was amazed to find that all my body

hair had disappeared. My pussy was bald!

I was rewarded by them masturbating me. If I was extra good I was occasionally allowed adult foods. When I'm bad I have been caned, spanked, paddled, given enemas, given a penis shaped pacifier, made to wear rubber dildo pants, made to eat castor oil, and put into a chastity device which is attached to a leash.

After a few weeks I began to like being a baby—it felt strangely safe and loving.

The problem is they've asked me to be their baby for always. They are both very wealthy so I would not have to work. I don't know what to do. Can an adult adopt another adult? Will I be happy as their baby?

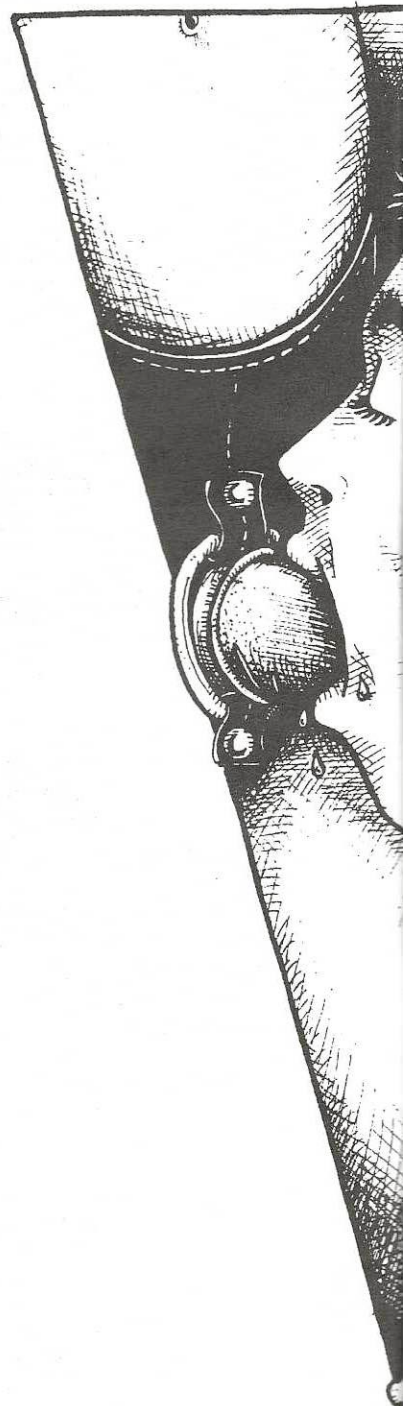
Respectfully Yours,
Rita

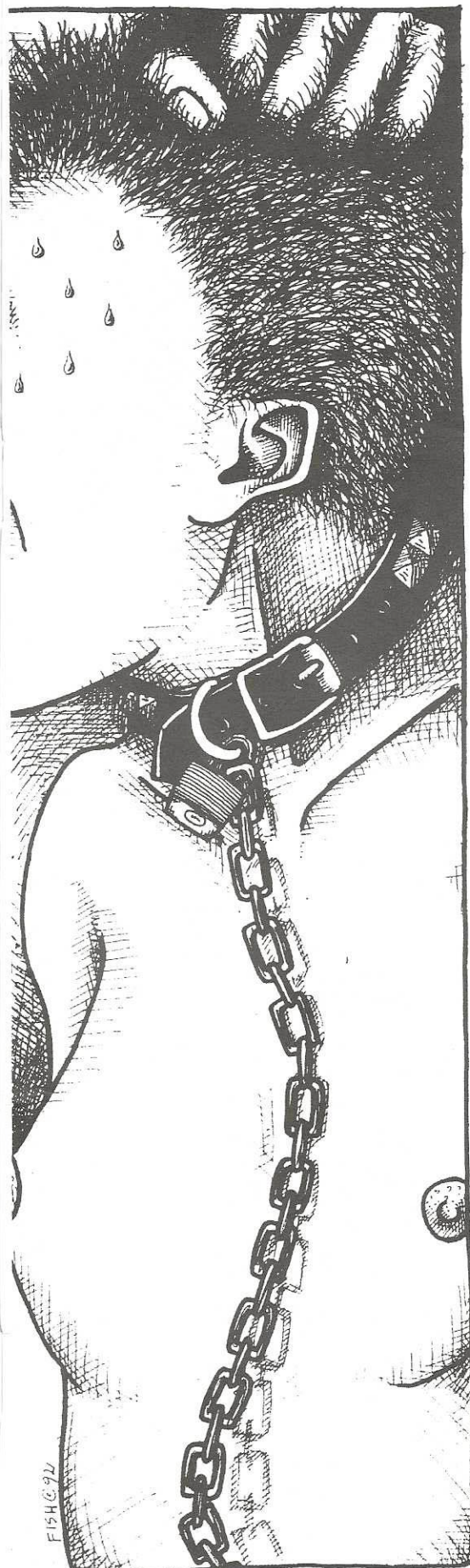
Dear Rita,

This is a rather novel living situation and you are the envy of many a baby to be. The questions you are asking me are questions you should be asking your future parents.

You should definitely give it a lot of thought because you'd be giving up your job, house, etc., for a while. Remember situations like this should be safe, sane and consensual. You have the right to voice your own needs. Set up boundaries. If at some point you want to go back to being an adult you should be able to do so.

Adoption between adults is legal but the laws vary state to state. We at *Bad Attitude* would love to hear more from women involved in infantilism. We'd especially love some photos.





TOUCH-TONE MOAN

by Kiva

It was one of those evenings of restless boredom—nothing to do and no one to do it with. If it was women's night at the local bar I would've gone, but naturally a gay leather bar isn't going to throw away Friday night's potential receipts on the few women who would show up.

The phone rang and I was bored enough to get up to answer it. My last three calls had been a wrong number, a political candidate, and a reminder of a dental appointment. Whoopee.

An unfamiliar voice with just a trace of an accent said "Hullo?"

Another wrong number. I was so bored I decided if they were calling American Airlines I would book them a flight and take their credit card number. Or if she was calling a boyfriend I would tell her he ran out to buy more condoms. It was that kind of night.

"Is this the BEGS hotline?" she asked.

It didn't help that her accent sounded English, or Australian or something. Maybe even South African. Probably a snob, veddy proper, I thought. Let's give her a shock.

"No, this is Sapphic Escort Service. Women only, discretion guaranteed. We specialize in catering to ladies of exquisite, if somewhat unusual, tastes. I assure you we can fulfill your needs. Do you have a touch-tone phone? If you desire Latex, press one. Lacy Femmes, press 2. Baby Butches, press 3. Spanking, press..."

"Wait, no, you don't understand, I'm sorry. I'm trying to reach BEGS, that's

British-Extraction Gay Slaves."

Oh, ho, she sounds a bit more interesting than I thought.

"I must have dialed a wrong number. I'm not a customer—uh, client—uh..."

"Now don't be nervous dear. Is this your first time? If you are under 21, you must have your parents permission. Perhaps you are calling from the suburbs on hubby's bowling night? No problem. We deliver. Right to your door. Our girls are excellent drivers and should you be shy our escort would be glad to just drive around Queens a while with her panties off and her skirt hiked up to her waist..."

"Umm gulp."

"Or should you desire our premium service, we will send a chauffeured limousine, and you and your escort can recline in comfort in the back, with darkened windows. Should you prefer, our chauffeurette can park and get in the back with you too. There would be an extra charge, but I've been told it's well worth it."

"Well, uh, I must admit...I hadn't intended t'do this at all, I should be stuffing envelopes with my chums right now, bu...you sound so...so nice. And, well, masterful. Or mistress-ful. Anyway, full. And round, and soft...I wish I could come over—perhaps you could describe your place, and yourself? Do you have any, ah, equipment?"

"We are a completely equipped palace of pleasure, my dear. I may call you that, may I not? You do sound sweet, eager and...willing. Perhaps I can



arrange a discount rate. Or maybe you would like to work here yourself? We have an excellent benefits package, flexible hours. I can arrange a personal interview—very personal."

"If it pleases you, ma'am, but I daren't pretend I'm worthy. If you could just see your way to describing, perhaps, your shoes?"

"Slut, you really are impertinent! I will describe my surroundings to you, but you must remove your clothes in order that you listen more attentively! At once!"

"Yes ma'am, I'm taking off my jeans right now...they're all wet around the crotch anyway."

"Watch your mouth in my presence, young lady. Remember decorum. Are you naked yet? Kneel on the floor as we talk."

"Yes ma'am."

"Good. I will now describe myself and my surroundings." (As I say this I put my feet up on a pile of magazines and shoo the cat away from scratching up what remains of the arm of my couch.)

"I am over 6 feet tall, (in my wildest dreams) with flaming red hair (actually wispy gray) and emerald eyes (beady brown) which see right into your most hidden desires. I am wearing a black velvet gown (flannel pajamas) and holding a carved walking stick in the shape of a woman's leg.

"I am seated on a carved rosewood throne. Three steps lead up to it from the polished wood floor, which is polished repeatedly by the nubile bodies of my

slaves-in-training, who lay about on the floor between polishing to await my pleasure. My current favorite stands behind my throne, holding the telephone, and hands me the receiver as calls come in, as I like to personally screen all calls. She is dressed in red lace bra and panties, and a sheer black shift over that, open to the front for quick access."

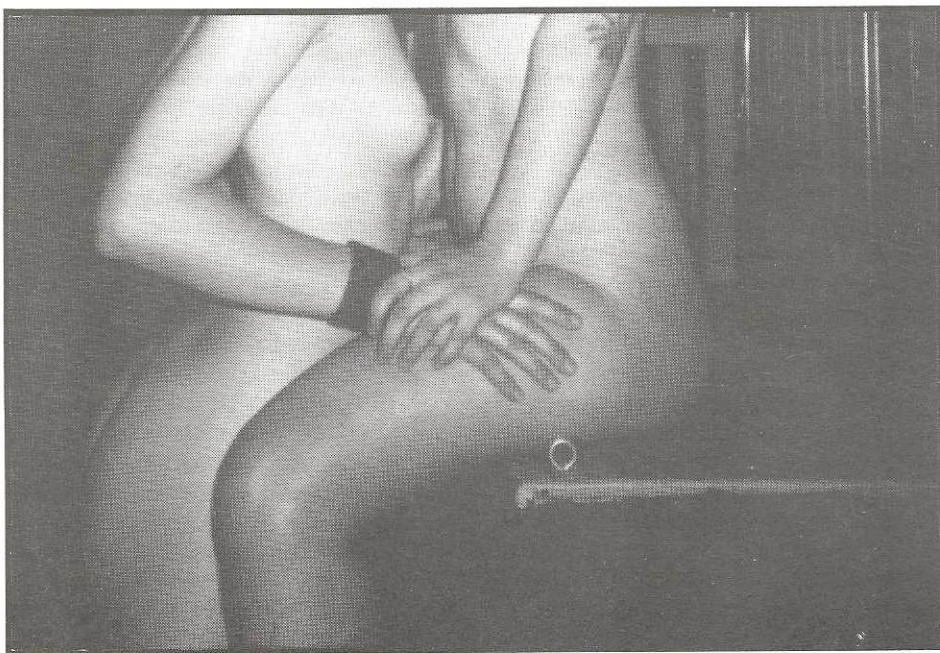
(Luckily she can't see my apartment over the phone 3 rooms facing brick walls, and I haven't done the dishes in two days. As for slaves, my cats refuse to even consider my suggestion that they bring me coffee.)

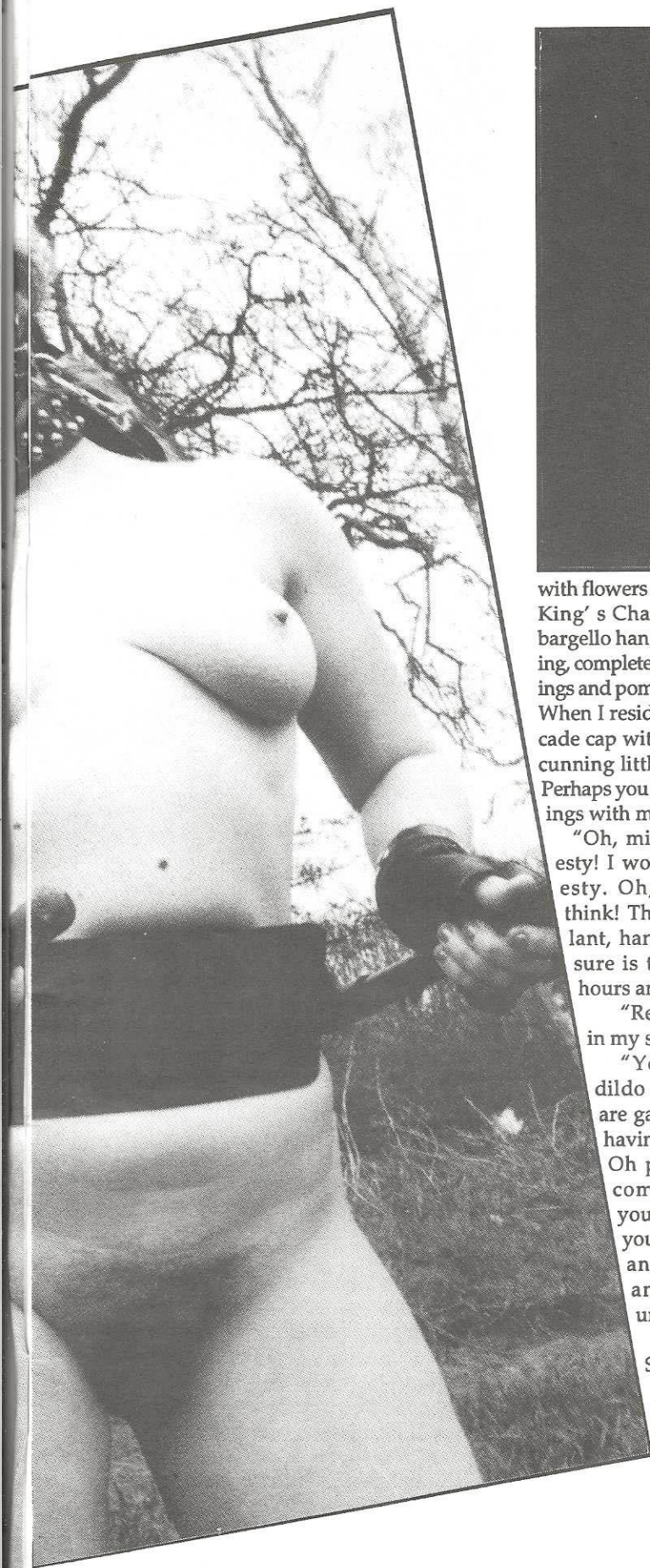
"To one side of me are the French windows opening onto the formal gardens, with peacocks and swans, and I can see one of our clients now, in bit and bridle, pulling a cart with enthusiasm. Last week we fit her with a saddle, English style. Perhaps, being English, you would be interested?"

"Oh... yes, ma'am. But perhaps I am not robust enough to serve you in that way. Please tell me more."

"To the other side of me are many doors. Some lead to dungeons furnished with iron shackles and leather whips. If you have a modern taste, there is the mirrored room with stainless steel shackles.

"Some doors lead to two lushly decorated bedrooms with every comfort; there's the dove room, with an enormous four poster with diaphonous drapery, filled





with flowers and mourning doves, and the King's Chamber, with featherbed and bargello hangings, baroque mirrored ceiling, complete with original Tintoretto paintings and pomeranians. One of my favorites. When I reside there I wear a fur and brocade cap with leggings, a codpiece and a cunning little attached beard and dildo. Perhaps you would like to share such lodgings with me?"

"Oh, mistress...master...your majesty! I would. If it pleases your majesty. Oh, what would my chums think! They know me only as a gallant, handsome butch, whose pleasure is to go down on femmes for hours and hours!"

"Really?" (I'm squirming a bit in my seat at this point).

"Yes, mistress, I've quite a dildo collection m'self. But they are gathering dust, as I have been having a dry spell...until tonight! Oh please, mistress, say I may come over and crawl across your floor and up the stairs to your throne, and kiss your feet and thrust apart your knees and pleasure you with my unworthy tongue!"

Well now I've done it. She could be the butch of my dreams, she's hot and we can never meet...she now thinks I'm a cross between

Angelica Huston and Henry the 8th...but maybe something can be worked out.

"So you wish to apprentice as one of my body servants?"

"Yes, please."

"Then here are your instructions. You must obey implicitly. At midnight, come to the Village and find the tiny alleyway on Charles Street near Bleeker. Go into that alley, put on a blindfold, and await me there. A car will come and my servants will find you there and bring you to me, still blindfolded. When you are brought to me, I will have my pleasure from you, but you will be denied any pleasure other than that of serving me. And when I am finished you will be returned, still blindfolded, to the same spot. You will leave me your number and should you please me, you will be called again. Is that clear?"

"Oh yes, mistress, how can I express my gratitude...I must hurry now to prepare myself for you."

"Until midnight, then, when your service to me begins." And I hung up.

I hope this works...I quickly ring Pamela, an ex who of late has assisted me in dungeon scenes. Thank the goddess, she's home. "Pamela, get your Honda out of the garage, we have a blindfolded gal to kidnap at midnight."

Photos by J. Purvis

THE WEEKEND

by Debbie Marie

Photos by China

Lisa walked home slowly from work. It was a cloudy day and the threatening rain promised to further ruin her weekend fun. Tina, her lover was on a business trip and didn't know when she'd be home. So with Tina gone and the rain, there would be nothing to do. "Shit," she thought, "I better find a good book, and my dildo." Grumbling she wondered why the goddess was so mean.

Arriving home, she saw a note tacked to the door. It read: Hi! Knock three times and turn around closing your eyes. It was signed with a flower—her lover's way to finish a note.

Lisa giggled, her lover being home meant instant smiles and brought moisture to her cunt. She did as the note had bidden.

The door opened and a blindfold was quickly put over her eyes. Before she could even reach up to touch it, her wrists were grabbed behind her and she was pushed into the house. "Keep the blindfold on and strip, Bitch!" The voice was authoritative and firm—the voice of her loving mistress Tina

She did so taking her time. Moving sensuously she had a slight prance that was caused by her excitement. After she was naked, Tina started with the orders. "Dance—as the slut you are."

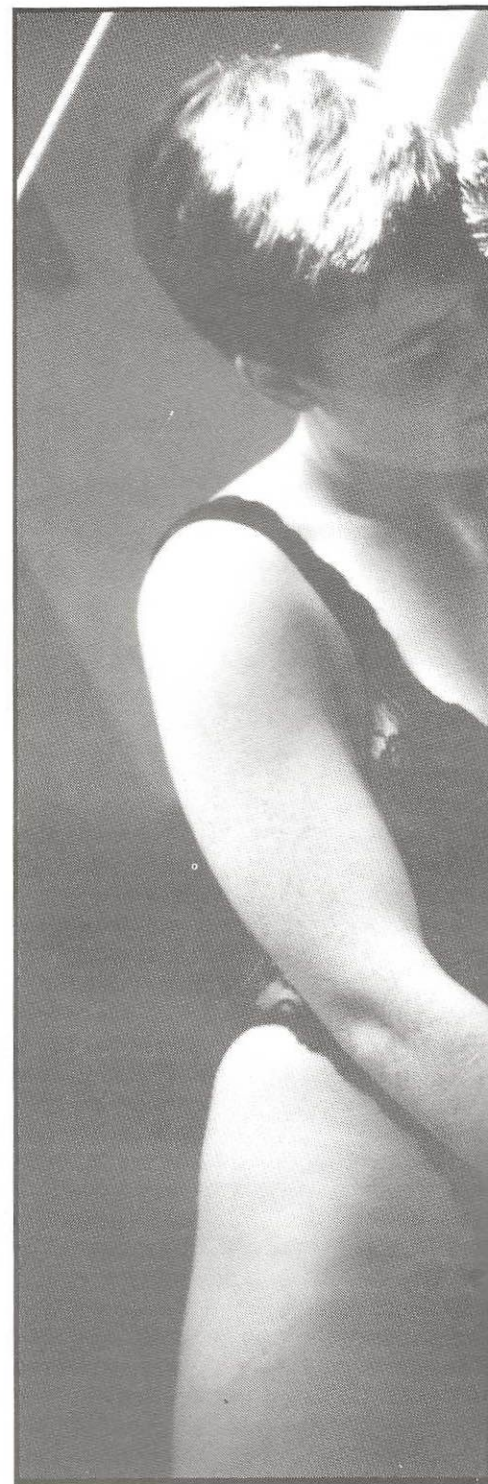
Dance she did, moving and swaying. Her hand exposed her cuntlips and she played with herself. She used her charms and her desire to be taken showed through the dance. Suddenly Tina tied Lisa's wrists and hooked her to a beam over head. Tina removed the blindfold.

Lisa squirmed and tried to untie herself but was not able. Tina stood back and laughed. "Thought you had no discipline coming??? I was gone too long and you are most in need of my touch." She walked over and kissed her hard. Her tongue dug deep into Lisa's mouth, taking possession of what was hers. She sucked on the slave's lip and grabbed her hair.

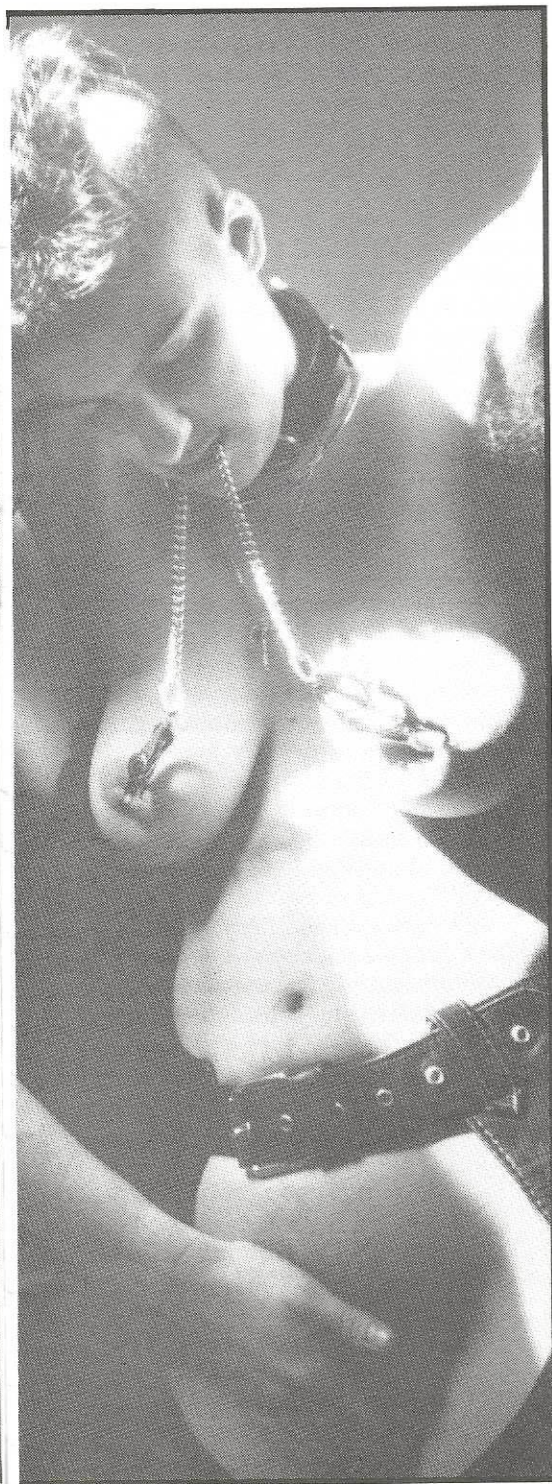
"Yes, bitch, you will have my touch, my whip and everything else I choose." Smacking her ass, Tina walked over to the toys. Lisa hung from the bar gasping for her breath.

Tina took her time and chose a short whip, and the heavy ruler. She started with the ruler to warm and redden the pale ass. She would strike one time lightly and another time with force, covering the butt with welts and making the thighs red. Taking in hand the whip she started in anew. Lisa's quietness turned to whimpers, then moans. She became louder and started begging for her to stop and then began begging for more. As the whipping grew stronger her moans and pleading turned to tears and quiet screams. Tina used the handle of the whip to slide between the girl's legs, and it came out wet. She allowed the slave to lick it clean.

"While you burn, let me give you another thought," Tina said as she put on the nipple clamps, with the weights. Lisa laid her head on an arm and gave herself over to the pleasure\pain she was experiencing and felt as if she was again alive. No one like Tina had ever given her so much intense pleasure. No



need to beg, no need to ask for mercy. She knew Tina had control and would not allow her to be free until her joy was complete. She was all body and emotions now. Her cunt was dripping and felt as if an electric circuit was attached. Tina chewed on the bitch's neck. She sucked and bit with a vampire's vengeance. Satisfied she stepped back and observed. "Yes, all pretty red and pink again, ready to serve me as the devoted slut slave you are, yes?"



She spoke to Lisa as she released her wrists telling her the duties she would have, and what she expected of a pleasure slave and not to fail her. She walked over to the chaise, laid back and snapped her fingers. Lisa paused, the tit clamps were still attached. After the pause, during which she realized they were not to be removed, she got on her hands and knees and crawled over properly. The clamps bobbing back and forth kept her intensity high. Arriving at the



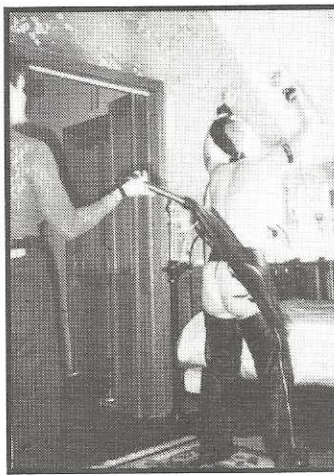
chaise Lisa bowed her head and kissed the floor.

She started with touching, stroking each toe with love and gentleness. She ran her fingers up the side of the foot and down, then kneeling over the foot, she sucked and adored each toe.

She worked her way up each leg, A caress, a lick, an unobserved hand stroking a sensitive area. How she loved

to please her mistress so...and hoped she was good enough to be rewarded.

Tina turned to her side and Lisa worked



on her back and ass. A quick tease in rimming, then ran her fingers up the spine. Next she would nibble a spot here or there, taking her free hand reaching over to play with the cunt hair. Tina never knew where the next touch would be. It added tremendously to the excitement. Lisa worked up to the ears, She especially enjoyed nibbling her left ear, it drove Tina crazy and she knew it.

Tina let out a long moan and Lisa smiled quietly. It was well.

Tina returned to her back and spread her legs wide. Scampering up between the legs, Lisa knelt and just looked and smelled. There was the musky aroma of desire. Tina's cunt was dark red and swollen, one could almost see the pulsing in her clit. Lisa knew she would be allowed to lap from the fountain. Tina nodded permission.

Bending over, Lisa lapped. After her initial thirst was quenched, she took time to moisten three fingers in Tina's cunt while licking the clit. She guided them to the asshole and then gently bit the clitoris and inserted two of the fingers into the awaiting hole. Tina jumped and groaned, then she smiled and whispered "Bitch." Reaching over, Tina brushed the clamps to remind Lisa who was still boss.

Lisa gasped, then giggled. She was not known as a SAM (smart ass masochist) for nothing, The third finger entered slowly into the anal hole and there she moved in rhythm to Tina's rocking and her renewed licking. They had become one in erotic pleasure. One giving, yet receiving...the other receiving, yet giving.

All too soon Tina gave the word for Lisa to pull out. She did as bidden, saddened by having to, yet thrilled her lady was climaxing. She could feel the electric vibrations throughout her being from her tortured tits to her aching cunt.

Moments later, Tina loosened the clamps and they snuggled. She told the slave, "Rest little one, for you will need your strength..."

HOW LIZA GOT FLIPPED

by D. W.

I am curvaceous 29 year old ultra-feminine "housewife," who lives in Evanston, IL with her butch "husband" of 4 years.

Liza was always filled with nervous anticipation on Wednesdays. That's because Wednesday evening was the only time of the week that her butch, Billie would agree to see her. As Liza sat on the bed in Billie's bedroom waiting she remembered how she first met Billie and how a feminist like herself had been flipped into a submissive femme.

Liza and Billie were the antithesis to each other, both in body and soul. Liza was dark in coloring. She was short, supple and soft with large and ample breasts, full thighs and a high, round and firm ass. Billie, on the other hand, was pale and tall with features that were best described as elongated. In fact Billie looked a bit like a snow topped alpine mountain with her tall muscular frame topped off with a head full of shocking blond hair styled in a spiky punk hairstyle.

The two had first laid eyes on each other at the annual lesbian spring dance. They had flirted with each other across the dance floor until Billie decided it was time to make her move.

"Wanna dance?", Billie asked Liza in her low and mellifluous voice. Liza responded with a soft cat like purr and said, "Yeeeee." Liza and Billie were lost in each other's body. Billie was excited with the velvety softness and multitude of curves that made up Liza's body. The hard lean muscles of Billie's arms and back made Liza weak with curiosity. They danced the night away with only each other and agreed to go for drinks at the nearby Lesbian bar after the dance.

Over drinks they each gave a brief

synopsis of their lives. Liza was an ardent, feminist who made her living as a Literature Professor at the city's only all Women's University. While Billie was a macho, headstrong Butch who worked at the gas company as a chemical engineer.

They agreed they had nothing in common, except Liza wanted Billie to make love to her and Billie wanted to fuck Liza. Billie drove Liza to her place. While driving over in the car Billie ran her hands over Liza's lap. She felt the fullness of her thighs and the warmth that was emanating from them. Billie drove faster.

Once in Billie's apartment Liza began to quickly disrobe. But not quick enough for Billie. Billie began to tear away Liza's clothes in a deranged manner until Liza stood in the center of Billie's living room naked.

Billie stepped back from Liza unzipped her jeans and let them fall to the floor to reveal her Lesbian dick protruding from the opening in her BVD's. Billie walked towards Liza and told her to get on her knees. Liza obliged her new found butch. Billie, told Liza to suck her dick. Again, Liza obeyed orders.

With Billie's dick in her mouth Liza sucked, licked and adored her butch's Lesbian appendage. Billie was moaning and saying "Suck it. That's right. Take it all in." Billie then told Liza to stand up,

face the wall and close her eyes. Like a well trained femme, Liza followed all instructions. Billie tied a blindfold across Liza's eyes then she sat down on the sofa and laid Liza across her lap.

"Nice ass," Billie said as she softly stroked Liza's butt. Liza was so excited that the juices from her vagina seeped onto Billie's thighs. Billie responding to Liza's excitement stroked her ass faster and harder until she was

spanking Liza in a rhythmic fashion. Liza's round, rubenesque ass quivered each time Billie's overpowering hand



Photo from Our Sorority Set, Shadow Lane

touched her.

Liza, still blindfolded, was told by Billie to stand up, spread her legs apart, bend over and grab her ankles. Liza wanting to please her butch did not stop to ask questions but simply and happily followed orders.

Billie entered Liza from behind and thrust her dick into her femme's cunt. Billie moved in and out holding Liza by the ass. Liza was moaning and groaning and purring, "OH, BABY FUCK ME!" It was Billie's turn now to follow orders. Billie reached a hand around Liza's waist and stimulated her clit. She rubbed Liza's clit faster and faster until Liza was on the verge of coming. Then she stopped.

Billie's fingers wet with Liza's pussy juice were then inserted in Liza's ass. First one finger, then two. Liza was full. A Lesbian dick in her pussy and two fingers up her ass. Billie was pumping Liza harder and harder. Liza trembled then the vibrating waves started in her cunt moved to her ass. "I am coming! I am coming!" Liza shouted.

Sweaty, exhausted and satisfied, Liza fell from Billie's grasp to the floor. Billie bent down and whispered into her ear, "Your pussy's mine now, and you will see me when and where I want!" Liza too weak to say anything nodded in agreement.

"RING! RING! RING!" The sound of the doorbell being rung three times jarred Liza from her memories. Liza waited and once she heard the sound of the key in lock, she knew it was Billie's signal that it was time for her to assume the position.

Liza jumped from the bed and ran to the living room. She let her robe drop to the floor exposing her naked body. She then walked to the center of the living room, spread her legs wide apart, bent over and grabbed her ankles and waited for her butch.

Photo by Morgan Gwenwald



CLEANING OUT MY CLOSET: SPEAKING OF SEX

by Shelly Roberts

Shelly Roberts, a Ft. Lauderdale based writer, is in syndication in lesbian and gay publications throughout the United States and Canada.

I was asked to speak to a group in Miami not long ago. And in the course of discussing what my topic would be, the caller commented that it was too bad that I didn't have sex in the title of my talk, because attendance was always better. I agreed and explained how my own group often brought in a lesbian sex therapist for the yearly membership renewal meeting. It worked, hundreds of women showed up. We laughed. And chatted a bit more, then agreed that the title of my speech would be the same as my column, "Cleaning Out My Closet," and hung up.

Approximately 36.5 seconds later, the phone rang again. Same lady. She said, "You know, I've been thinking about our conversation. Putting sex into the title really does get more people to show up. So, uh, how about if we call your talk, 'Cleaning Out My Sexual Closet?'"

Ooh-whooh. Well. Um. In a lot less time than it took Jack Benny to decide between his money and his life, I said, "Gee...I don't thiink so. I pretty much only share that with people I'm paying a minimum of seventy-five dollars an hour to."

But I agreed that we could call my speech, "Cleaning Out My Closet (And I promise to talk about Sex.)" You'd be amazed how many people showed up. Now, I like to believe that all those women were faithful readers of mine, and really showed up to show sisterly support. And six or seven of them, at least, had actually heard of me. One or two of those, actually read something I'd written. But, never mind. When the topic is sex, clearly, we pay attention.

I looked for you at that meeting. But you obviously had to be out of town that night. So it seemed only fair that I share with you what I shared with them. Fair is, after all, fair. So, without further ado, I give you:

Roberts Rules of Lesbian Sex

RULE NUMBER ONE: It is never a good idea to ask anyone to marry you before the first date.

RULE NUMBER TWO: Remember when your mother told you that it wasn't polite to talk with your mouth full? Your mother was right.

RULE NUMBER THREE: The three most important words in the English language are...no, not, as you may have been lead to believe, "I love You." They are, and stay with me on this...(and first you have to accept that "Omigod" is one word)...The three most important words in the English language are: "Omigod, don't stop!"

RULE NUMBER FOUR; With the exception of birthdays, anniversaries, February, April, June, August, and October, the one or two hours after a really good Christmas present, or a really good fight, after a few years, unless you work at it, Lesbian Sex could become a contradiction in terms.

RULE NUMBER FIVE: If you are prone to seizure disorders, it is only polite, always, to go second.

RULE NUMBER SIX: If either of you is the owner of a loyal Labrador, or faithful French Poodle, it is definitely prudent to put the puppy on the porch. Especially if "Oooh, Baby, oooh" gets a lot louder than "Would you care for a peanut butter

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sandwich and another glass of Gallo, my dear?" Particularly important if said devoted Dobie is attack trained to lunge for the larynx at the sound of its owner's first whimper. Just think how embarrassing that could be. Not to mention painful. (See **RULE NUMBER SEVEN**) As in many things lesbian, however, size is not a determining factor here. A pesky, protective Pomeranian or Pekingese can prove just as distracting. And rabies shots are not seductive.

RULE NUMBER SEVEN: Probably the very first thing that should be laid are the ground rules. Remember, to some lesbians, S & M means something other than "soothing massage."

RULE NUMBER EIGHT: Bathing is highly recommended. Highly. Especially in months with no R, or nearly anytime the temperature reaches or exceeds the IQ of your average used car salesman.

RULE NUMBER NINE: Turn off the tv. I don't care how long you've been married. No matter how exciting you may find old reruns of Cagney and Lacey, not every lesbian does. She may not be as turned on as you are by the sounds of Star Trek, The Next Generation dialogue playing as background on the entertainment center in the Master Suite. (Mistress Suite? See **RULE NUMBER SEVEN**.) Third generation video tapes of "Debbie Does Dolores," however, are considered an exception to this rule.

COROLLARY TO RULE NUMBER NINE: Make sure the electronic controller is safely stashed on the nightstand. Accidentally

rolling over on top of the remote could have a definitely negative effect on the reception you get.

RULE NUMBER TEN: Dental Dams. Darn. Until you know exactly who you're playing with, use them. We don't want any nasty surprises for any of us ten years from now. There are no exceptions to this rule. And, besides, you can get them in peppermint now. Also chocolate. (See **RULE NUMBER EIGHT**.)

RULE NUMBER ELEVEN: As they used to say about voting in Chicago elections, "Do it early and do it often." This is, according to the Bureau of Lesbian Statistics, absolutely imperative for the long term good health, not to mention survival, of any good lesbian relationship.

RULE NUMBER TWELVE: If you find yourself sleeping with more than one person, (in the same bed at the same time, or not) it is not wise to include actual names in your terms of endearment. Saying "Helen" instead of "Gladys" could not only prove seriously embarrassing, but also extremely hazardous to your personal well being. This is what the words "Honey," "Darling," and "AngelPookie-Sweetie-Love-Bottoms" were invented for.

And, by the way, with the exception of **RULE NUMBER TEN**, remember, there are no rules for lesbian sex. I thought you'd want to know.



THE COMMON THREAD

by Bitch Buffy

B. B. is a funny, feminist, maniac who faces her darker side with both eyes open and wet fingers outstretched. She teaches women's self defense so women can have choices around not accepting real, nonconsensual violence in their lives. She is also an S/M dyke.

"...between us" you said as you tied the rope around my neck, "is the control you allow me to have over you now."

"The common thread" you said as you attached it to something behind my head, "is that you have no idea how far I will go with you and yet here you are."

"I want you." you said. "I want you to be afraid." you said as you secured the rest of the rope above my head. You allowed no slack in the rope so that I could not lower my body at all without it tightening around my neck, "You look so perfect spread out in this double doorway. You look like a five pointed star, your arms and legs suspended in space and attached to the doorjamb like this. Are you going to shine for me tonight?" you asked.

"You have only your widespread feet touching the floor to keep this rope from tightening around your neck." you said as you plucked the common thread and made it hum against my throat. "The common thread between us," you said as a knotted whip began to sting my back, "is that we both know what will make you bend those knees." The knotted whip lit into my center like a meteor shower, igniting my senses with fiery hailstones. I was a stationary, celestial body suspended in space and catching comets in my gravitational field. You held the tails of those comets in your hand and caused them to rain down on me. The more they collided with my surface, the more they became the common thread that bound us together. Heat upon heat built up under the pressure of

this bombardment yet I stood up for you, keeping the rope from cutting off my air and smothering the fire too soon.

"The common thread between us," you said as my breathing became ragged and short, "is that I know how you use your breath to control how far you will go under to me." You laughed, "Now you have to pay too much attention to the rope around your neck for you to be able to do that...so even your breathing belongs to me." you said. Pain upon pain rose on my flesh from your hands. The sweat twinkled like starlight from my skin and still I stood up for you.

My breathing was drawn in and in through short gasps and I relinquished my pain to you. I took more and more torture from your hands and still I stood up for you.

"I want you." you said as you orbited my body and stationed yourself in front of me. "I want you to be afraid." you smiled as you secured clamps to my nipples. "The common thread between us is that I know that pain won't bend those knees of yours." you said. "I want you," you were no longer smiling, "to bend those knees...and I know how to make you do it." You moved so close to me that your voice hissed like the passing of a shooting star. "I know how to make you bend them so that you can't stand back up again." you said as you slid your fingers be-between my spread legs. I was as hot and wet as you knew I would be and I groaned with the pleasure of you pushing into my hot sex.

Then I realized with shock what you were going to do. My eyes flew open

and my body trembled in stark terror. You stood before me calmly observing my every reaction as your fingers masturbated me to ecstasy, "The common thread between us," you said, "is that we both know that you cannot stand up under the pressure of an orgasm. As soon as you cum, your knees will buckle out from under you and there is only one thread that will hold you up." you glanced at the rope that was shooting up above my head.

Wild terror sprang from my eyes into yours and I pleaded, "Please... don't..."

"Shut up or safe." was your simple reply as your fingers built up heat upon heat between my legs. Your other hand plucked at the chain that threaded between my nipples, tormenting them to erotic heights.



I knew that I could not, I must not cum. If I came, my universe would implode like a dying star collapsing into a black hole and no light would ever escape from me again. If I came, my screams of passion and terror would both choke in my throat and the silence of deep, empty space would consume me. I tried to force myself not to feel the intense pleasure that you knew, masterfully, how to make me feel. My body burned hotter and brighter as you inflamed my molten cunt with your touch and brought erotic pain to my agonized nipples. Time was running out. All the passion and fire that had ever sparkled in my life would be swept into your hand. You would save me. I would have to let you save me.

There was a rending quake from deep inside me and my body gave you

the orgasm that my mind could not. Then it was not the universe but my knees that were collapsing. My cries of passion and terror were cut short. Pain-wrenched tears burned from my tightly shut eyes. I spiraled down into the depths of total blackness and witnessed the death and rebirth of all my lives throughout eternity...

No more than a fraction of a second did you actually allow me to hang suspended in time. At the first sign of my knees buckling and the instant I began to choke, your hand jerked the panic snap that held my neck, then the snaps that secured my arms. In the twinkling of an eye, I collapsed, sobbing into your arms as you released my legs and lowered me softly to the floor. For another eternity, long, racking sobs wrenched up from my solar plexus as you held me to your

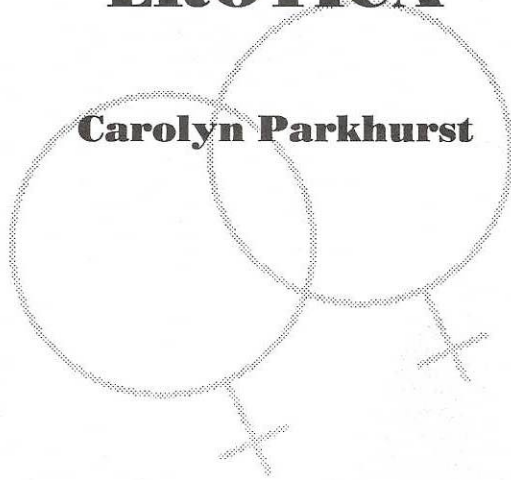
Photo by Jennifer Gillmor; Model: Pan

breast. You stroked my hair and said over and over in reassuring tones, "It's alright now. Everything is alright. Breathe deep and slow, now. Yes. You're alright. I love you..." Your breast vibrated with the hum of life as you continued to talk me back into reality.

"The common thread between us..." you said, when I was at last sitting up with a blanket wrapped around me, "is that I know so many things about you... and you trust me with this information."

EROTICA

Carolyn Parkhurst



You are not like the ocean. Touching you is not like swimming from a shore or to a shore. The salt I taste when I lick you is flesh salt, sweat salt, not brine. We do not fuck in an amniotic sac. If you come, it will not be like waves breaking or crashing. We, not the moon's pull, decide how we touch.

You are your body. When I saw you

We are kissing and you slide your hand under my tank top. My breasts are bare underneath; in a few moments, when you reach under my skirt you will find cotton briefs. In my bottom drawer, hidden away, I have a collection of sexy lingerie: satin camisoles, sheer teddies, floral printed silk panties. A black lace bustier. I love them, but I do not wear them when anyone might see them. I

same time, and your whole face became soft and open. And your accent sounded familiar, and your t-shirt was from a march I was at, too, back in Boston, and so I asked. And so I made my move.

I want to see you come. I want to make you come. I want to watch you make yourself come. I want to hear your breath get loud and harsh. I want to make you moan without meaning to. I



dancing in your t-shirt and jeans, it was your body I saw first, your big soft breasts, your muscular arms moving with such power. Then your face, full and oval, round glasses and big eyes. You looked so serious, swaying there, and I took you in. Hoop earrings and motorcycle boots. Lipstick and dreadlocks.

femmed it up tonight—foundation and mascara, a miniskirt, gel in my stark, buzzed hair—but not that much.

I am amazed I approached you, there in the club. I wouldn't have, maybe, if you hadn't stopped looking so serious, stopped dancing with such coolness. But you smiled at me when we ended up in line in the bathroom at the

want you to gasp and arch your back, throwing back your head, exposing your neck, which I will lick and gnaw. I want to feel you so wet that my whole hand is slippery and slides from top to bottom when I rub against your cunt. I want you to make the outside of my thigh wet as you grind hard against me, pushing against me, rubbing, friction against

your clit as you push into the outside of my thigh. You can't control yourself, you are so hot, you push and strain, I feel your nipples hard as tacks on my arm. I pinch them, almost enough to hurt, and you move faster. I am doing this to you; you are doing this to you; we are doing this to you. Your back is sweaty and slick and I run my hands across it.

I push my face into your stomach, your soft flesh. I want it all in my hands, I want it all in my mouth. The light is on; I can see the contrast, my light skin against your dark skin. My white skin against your black skin. What does it mean, a woman's white skin and a woman's black skin? I know it does not mean nothing. I know there is difference; I know there is sameness. When I run my tongue over your clitoris, I feel my own tingle, but I know your moaning is not mine. I flick your nipple, and you flick mine; the power changes hands again. Spread yourself over me, Lucy, not like a blanket but like yourself. Cover me first, then let me cover you.

Here is what will flash into my mind when you put your fingers



Photos by Jennie Sullivan

and forth, just like using my mother's "facial massager" when I was thirteen and she was at work and I would read her copies of *Playboy* and *Penthouse*—then I can come. But it will be forced, it will not be the same. I would rather surrender completely to your unknowing touch, making me ache until I can't stand it, building higher and higher and there is no end.

I pull the covers over us and press my face into your neck, feeling my breath bounce off you and hit me hot in the face. It's a cold night. When we wake, the window will be opaque with morning condensation. If we see each other beyond this night, if I am granted permission to be more intimate, then one day I will take this cold wetness on my finger and touch it to the base of your neck or to your nipple. I will grab your sides and pin you to the bed without warning and ask, "Are you ticklish?". I will tell you things I do not now dare. I will tell you I can hear your heart beating as I lie with my head on your chest. But for now I just kiss you, feeling your tongue soft and hard, and press ourselves together.

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inside me and move them in and out, your thumb on my clit: You pushing me up against a wall, holding my hands so I cannot move them, your teeth in my earlobe, your thigh thrust hard between mine. The breasts of a woman in a black lace bra I saw tonight in the club—squeezing them, holding them whole in my hands and feeling them full and taut.

Being able to come like a man, completely, suddenly, visibly. My high school crush kissing me in her prom dress and pumps. Masturbating in the bathroom of an airplane.

I know I will not come with you tonight. I will not let go enough. If I place my hand over yours and show you how, rubbing quickly and harshly back

Dreaming the Dark Fire

Auntie Zonker (Regis M. Donovan)

It is night,
Moonless black outside my window.
In the dark I sleep.
In my sleeping I dream.

In my dreams she comes to me, black hair unbound and untamed
Her eyes are icy with cold fire;
passion unspoken, desires unnamed.

Glinting steel, shining in the scant rays of the light
invading the dark.
The tip caresses me and I can look over the edge and see her eyes.
The tip caresses me and I feel the scratch
and watch it turn to red fire on my skin

I am her canvas and she sketches her desires on me
I am her canvas and she does not tear me, only marking her will
I am her canvas.

If she spills my blood will it spoil the canvas
will it spoil her art? will it spoil her will and will she clean me
with herself with her darting tongue that even now I see licking her
lips and running invitingly over her teeth?

I am her canvas and I am hers.

She caresses my body with cold steel and leather and skin and wet
On my tensed muscles she plays a tune, inviting me to dance with her;
to walk through the fire and steel and into the dark passions and unspoken desires.

I am marked with the dark passions and unnamed desires.

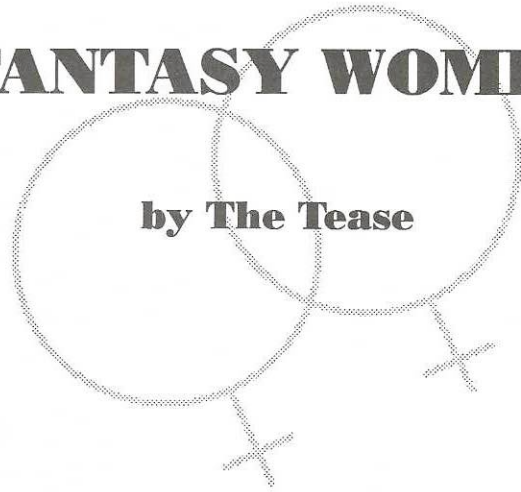
It is night,
Moonless black outside my window.
In the dark I sleep.
In my sleeping I dream.

"On the canvas of my skin
she painted a book of blood.
I trace the lines,
the taste of her
desire
still staining my mouth"

Photo by Jennie Sullivan

FANTASY WOMEN

by The Tease



Moving to Florida was a dream come true for me. After all of the problems Boston had provided for me, breaking up with my lover of six years proved to be the straw that broke my back. I was tired of the high rents, high insurance, high crime rate, long, cold winters and the short, cold woman I had lived with. I consider

toris. Sliding a finger into my soft opening would release a warm wetness that would spill out onto the sheets. To be honest, I often worried that she might find one of those "wet spots" and wonder about my bladder control. What really got those juices going was to pinch and tease my hard, tight nipples while sliding my fingers in and out of

mate, lemme tell you about Florida. My small, one bedroom, stucco house has a great front yard with the drive lined by azalea bushes. Along the walk I've planted petunias and miniature rose bushes. The smell of Night Blooming Jasmine outside my window permeates my bedroom. What I love most is the way my back yard ends at the edge of a



Photo strip by Jennie Sullivan

myself a fairly attractive, sexual woman so why was it I could interest her in making love about once every two or three months. Sometimes I would lie there watching her sleep, feeling the heat rise from me, wondering how she could go so long without relief. The only thing that sustained me at times like that was to reach one hand down to my swollen labia and gently stroke my cli-

my womanhood. Closing my eyes I would imagine a hot wet mouth on each nipple and one between my thighs and that would soon send me over the edge, relieving the tension that had built up for so long.

Enough about life in the cold cli-

wildlife sanctuary. A narrow path leads through the densely wooded area to a 'sink hole' fed by a natural spring. It is so peaceful there that I often walk down the path listening to the sounds of the water, birds and insects. The water from the spring is so clear you can see the fish swimming and nibbling at the plants at the bottom. After working in my garden, my favorite thing is to swim nude and



then stretch out on the grass, or along the wide branch of an old Semoan tree which lies close to the ground and extends out over the edge of the water.

One afternoon, when I had finished my yard work, I decided to take a bottle of wine and go swimming in the springs. Walking along the path I looked forward to the cool, sensuousness of the water on my unclothed body. When I got there I sipped some of the wine as I undressed then, standing on the tree limb, I dove into the clear water, watching the fish scatter to avoid me. Gliding through the water I felt my need for release swelling my most private parts until it felt I would burst. So I floated to the edge and lay there with my breasts bobbing gently below the surface and began kneading my mound slowly. As my breath quickened I gently took my clit between two fingers and slid the hood slowly back and forth. Oh, that felt so very good. With the water lapping and teasing my erect nipples I used my other hand to insert two fingers into my warm pussy. As I came I let out a small scream and lay there listening to my own heart beat. Climbing out of the water I had some more wine and lay on my favorite branch, soon drifting off to sleep.

I awoke to the feeling of someone caressing my body and when I opened my eyes I saw a tall, attractive woman with flaxen blonde hair and the best body I had ever had the pleasure of looking at. Being startled, I attempted to sit up and realized I had been bound by my wrists and ankles with a soft ribbon like material, to the body of the tree branch. My restraints were loose enough to allow me some very limited movement; strong and tight enough to prevent my getting up or defending myself in any way. I felt so helpless. As I took in my predicament I noticed movement to my right side and turning around I saw there were, in all, five of these awe inspiring women, all nude. I read no hostility in their faces which eased my mind somewhat. But I still had no idea what they wanted with me. "What is it? Why have you tied me up like this?" I asked. The woman who had been stroking me just smiled and looked over to the other women and said, "Let us begin our pleasure." She then instructed me to be quiet and informed me that if I should utter one word I would be punished. One of the women, a red head with pert, round breasts and rosy nipples, came over to me and began kissing my face and neck, her warm tongue first

outlining my ear and then darting in and out.

That has always been a turn on to me so I decided to enjoy this as much as possible, not that I had any real choice in the matter. She soon moved down to my breasts and was joined by another woman who had the copper colored skin and proud features of an Indian maiden.

They each took a breast in their mouth and began sucking and nibbling. As I shut my eyes and moaned my ecstasy I felt someone part my swollen lips and a fiery tongue lapped at my love spot. When I approached orgasm I heard the command to stop, and the women stood up as one. How could they do this to me?!! All I needed was just another second or two to reach my peak. Why would they deny me this? I began to beg, softly moaning, "Please, please let

me come." I was promptly lashed three times across my pubic mound with a whip of braided reeds by the woman whom appeared to be the leader. "I told you not to speak," she warned me. As I lay there shuddering from the sting of the whip, a stunning black woman, with skin like polished ebony and soft doe-like eyes began rubbing a scented oil

into my skin. Her touch was wonderful and I gave myself up to her ministrations. Still rubbing and kneading my body she mounted me and began to slide her wetness along my body. My nipples were so erect that as she moved onto one it felt as if it slipped inside of her. After teasing the other one in the same manner she slid her dripping



pussy to my mouth and her sexual fragrance was delicious. I was completely turned on. My tongue darted out automatically and I tasted her sweet ambrosia with total pleasure.

As I devoted my attention to the job at hand I felt someone straddle my hips and begin grinding the hottest, wettest pussy I have ever encountered into

mine, which was far from dry by then. As I both gave and received, someone else...or was it two of them? began to alternately pinch and squeeze my breasts. This time I was determined to reach orgasm and tried to suppress my moans so as not alert the blonde bitch. Unfortunately, once again I heard the command to stop and the women relin-

came over and snapped a piece of leather material on my breasts. Looking down I realized it was a type of bra that snapped on in such a way it alleviated the need to untie me in order to place it on. I also noticed that it felt very snug but had holes cut out so that my nipples were still exposed. My eyes wide with fear, I started to struggle with my bind-



quished their holds on me. Before I could think I turned to the woman who had spoken and shouted, "You bitch!! How could you do this to me!" by the slight smile on her face and the glow in her clear, icy blue eyes I knew I would pay dearly for this outburst. Two of the women approached me and began placing a gag in my mouth and two more

the Indian maiden over to administer my body with the oils. As I began to relax, three of the women came over to the leader and began stroking her body as she stood there. One stood up and began kissing her mouth with such ardent passion that I could feel a stirring in my own loins. Another devoted her attentions to the leader's full breasts

ings and tossed back and forth trying to get loose. The woman just smiled and brought her whip out again. Each lash of the whip fell in a different place on my body and when I felt that I was totally on fire she began to lash my nipples and at the exposed tender flesh between my legs. I wanted to plead for her mercy but the gag was placed too tightly to allow me to utter a word.

When I thought I would pass out from the torture she suddenly stopped and motioned

while the third began to lick her sex. As I watched them perform, I was overcome with my own unfulfilled desires. I moaned softly through the scene. The Indian woman stopped applying the oil and removed the bra and gag from me. Afraid to speak aloud, I begged her with my eyes for what I needed. She smiled and loosened the thick, black braid which reached to her waist and began gently brushing my body with it. She then started to lightly kiss and lick my nipples. I looked over at the other women and saw that they were well into what they were doing and hoped the leader would be too busy to notice me. My maiden slipped down and gently sucked at my clit, my body shuddered with pleasure. She then stood up and mounted me once again. I was grateful, she was the owner of that wonderfully hot and wet pussy I had felt before. She slowly began to grind and once again I couldn't help but moan my pleasure. As I, for the third time, approached my peak I opened my eyes and watched her with her head thrown back and lips parted, long, slender fingers stroking her two beautiful bronze nipples and it was all that I needed. My ears began to ring and my whole world consisted of nothing but erotic, sensual pleasure. I screamed "Fuck me, please, let me come." She moved faster and faster atop me and leaned back so she could insert those long, slender, fingers into me. What I was denied I finally received. I came in such a torrential rush that it was too much and I passed out into a deep coma like sleep.

When I finally woke up, it was beginning to get dark and I was alone. I sat up and realized that I had been untied. I waded out into the water to refresh my sore and tired body and then dressed.

As I walked along the path towards home I had to wonder if I indeed had experienced all that I remembered or if it had been a dream. Only time would tell because I fully intended to go to my secret place every day and look for my fantasy women.

Photo by China

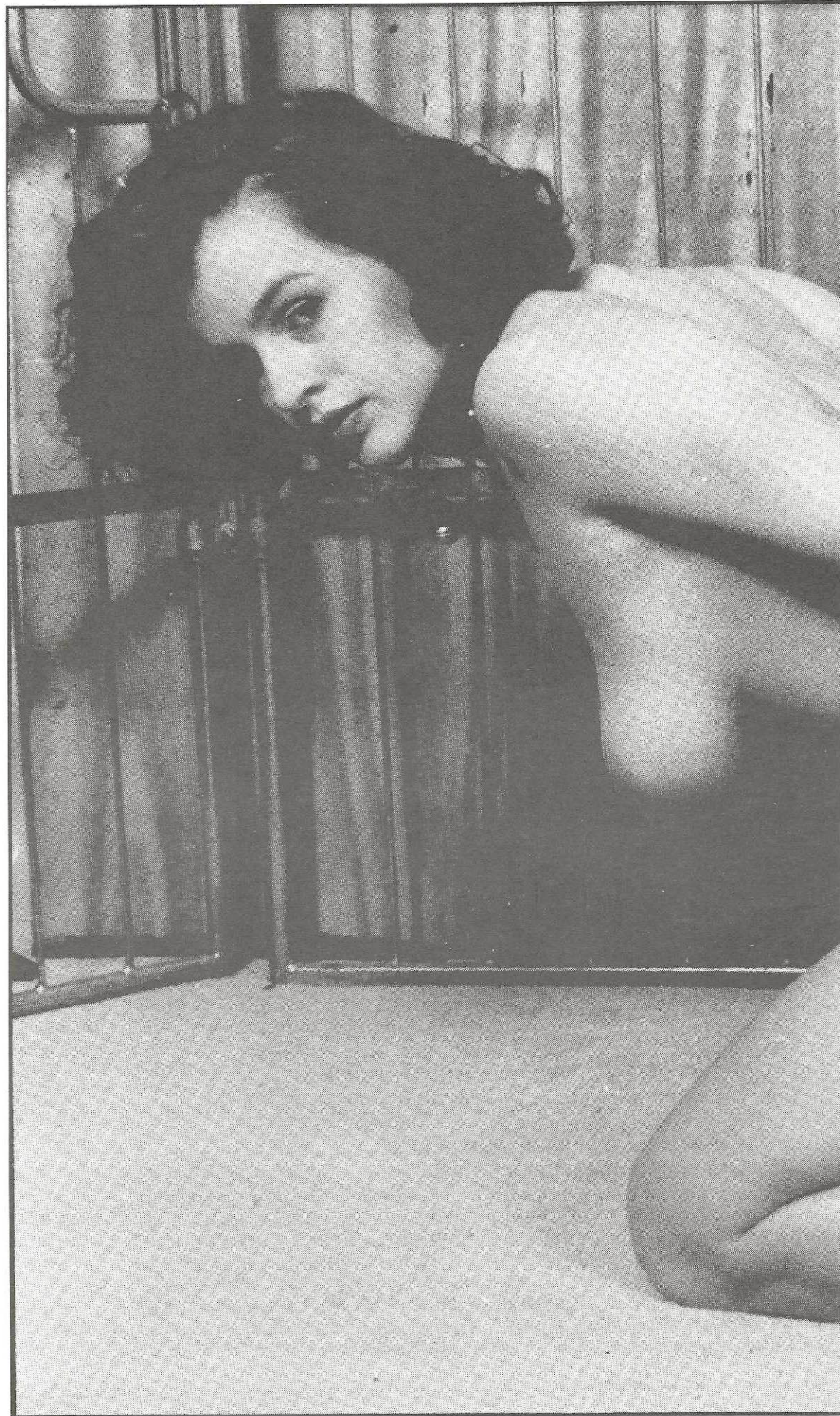
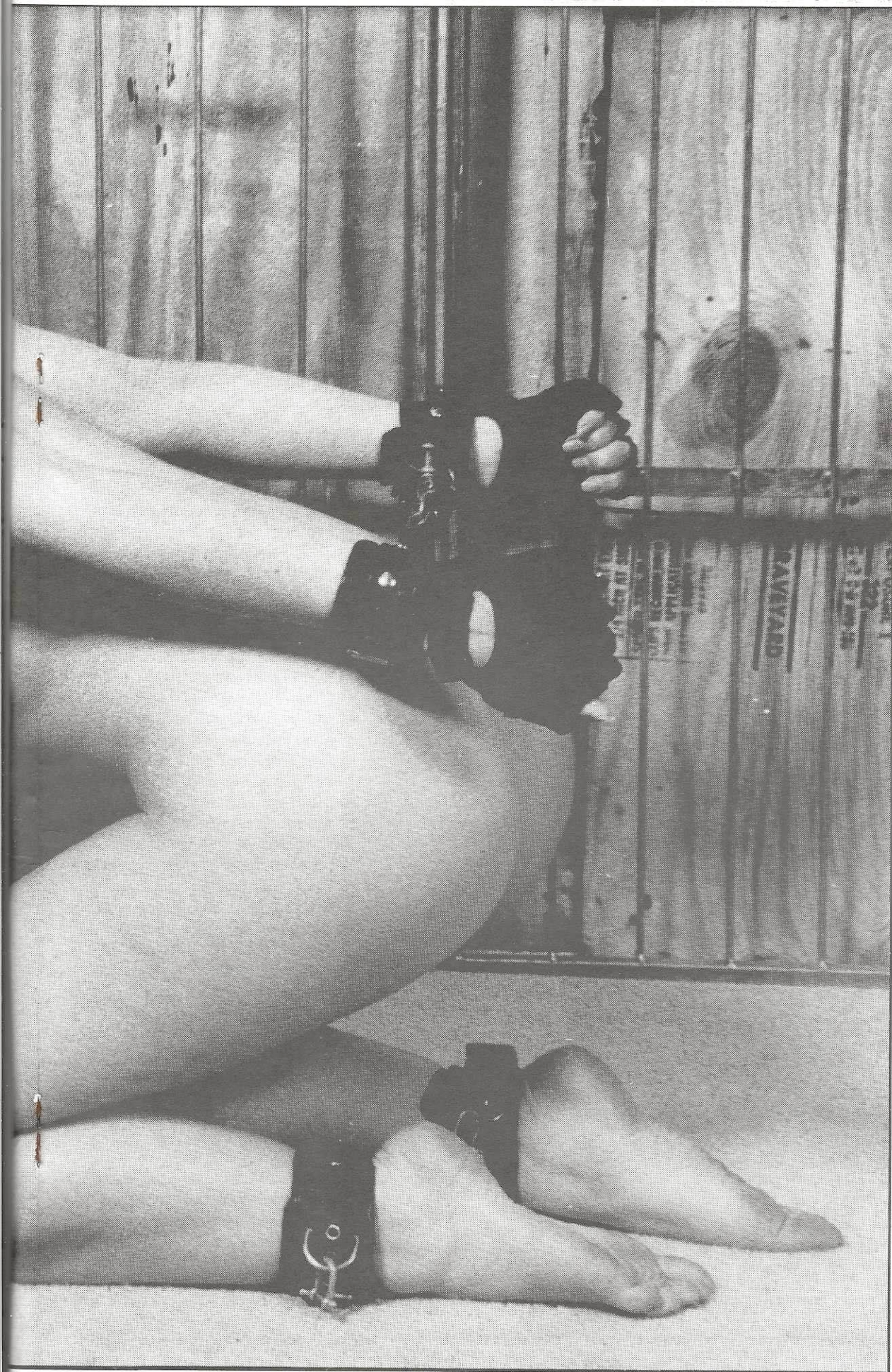


Photo by J. Purvis



THE KISS

by Pat Williams

You belong to me." I overheard her saying to another. While all I could remember was laying on my stomach, legs stretched out holding hers, keeping them set apart, her yielding in longing while I licked every fold of her skin; as I blew the warmest breath I could into her soul. Yet I heard her say to another the words that were once for me, as I found myself bending into her pulling both hands further within, two fingers then three and now the left hand...

She was bigger then I could have dreamt, longer and deeper then I might have guessed. It took every part of me to descend and bury her in pleasure. My finger thrashing her vulva mightily while the rest of my hand entered further and further up until she rolled over in fullness, with sobs, consumed, elated 'till there was nothing but absolute silence.

I did not even see an image of someone else entering. Nor her bending over to fill another womyn's womb; to lay her sweet breath upon another womyn's nipple, or throb her fingers through another's gut. But I heard her saying: "You belong to me," and I am not present. I am driving in my car, buying groceries, sending my child to school, sleeping with another; as I suck her nipples raw, move her into oblivion,



Photo by J. Purvis

speak of eternal love, mindless devotion. We womyn are full of contradictions.

The first night she cooly took off her pants and left a sleeveless T-shirt on, nipples erect, breasts large and firm, legs spread wide open across the couch. She suggested we play cards. "Hmm O.K." I'd answered. Cute. What I know? "Then, (She'd said, playfully...) we kiss." And we did. Then there was nothing but darkness and moist tissue to wallow in, clinging, expelling, rhythmically pulling me within her and she too laid herself out before me stretched as if she were on a beach of some kind, while layers of skin became christened by the sea of waves overflowing—bringing us closer and closer together.

I never knew a hunger of this kind might move the womyn in me. I swallowed all of her. She devoured me. "You belong to me," she said. I remember it like it was yesterday. I will keep one foot in the past always, one finger in her, my lips in the center of her being, my nose nuzzled in her hair.

I will remain wide open for her bird-like fluttery fingers to soften me into the love that brings us together again and again, while I say to her in terror... "You belong to me."

INVITATION

by Keziah

for Bekki

Daddy Daddy how do i tell you what i want
watching you beat me fuck me cut me drink me
knowing you enjoy creating me as a work of
art my body is your canvas your clay i want
you to carve your lust pride possession love
in my skin amplify the threat trust pain ecstasy
of the knife with the pleasure you take in
threatening me cutting me with it please Daddy
engrave your presence on me with cane whip
crop needle cat wax hand push me Daddy help
me know how much i can take tell me that i've
gone far when i'm not sure that i've even
begun when i'm moaning and squirming in agony
ecstasy and i couldn't possibly bring myself
to ask for more but i know i could take it...
i haven't broken yet...i want to stretch to
my outer limits i want you to take me there
give you my body mind to do with as you
please Daddy let me be your baby girl
please let me be your little boy please
Daddy i don't even know how to form the ideas
of what i want i can't make the pictures come
clear Daddy please take my body mind self and
do what you will push me Daddy i want us to
fly together go as far as we both can reach
beyond where we thought we would have to stop
i can go as far as you can Daddy please don't
ask me what to do just bend me to what you
want and when you're done Daddy please let
me show you how grateful i am please Daddy let
me reach under your dick and bury my fist in
your cunt please Daddy let me give you a wild
ride on my hand exactly how you like it i want
you to be proud of me Daddy show me off and
let me be proud of you proud to belong to you
proud to be your baby girl proud to be your
little boy proud that i bear your signature
in my skin on my thighs back ass chest throat
cunt mind spirit

Keziah, a.k.a Melanie Cooley, is a massage therapy student and dreamer most recently from Tucson, Arizona. Inconveniently enough, her Daddy lives in Seattle!



SHEETS

by Susan Weatherford

To satisfy my soul I write poetry and short fiction. To stimulate mind I read voraciously and live on the edge of woods in a cabin. Odd jobs keep me fed.

Photo courtesy of OUTRAGEOUS WOMEN

June's lips cried out for more, but her lover de jour couldn't deliver. Wendy's tongue was numb with exhaustion and June's body was satiated with spiraling desire. The two womyn had met that morning in Espresso Cafe on Short Street. Sundays were always crowded at the popular brunch spot and June and Wendy had shared a table out of impatience and curiosity.

Less than a month ago, Wendy's lover of three years had dumped her and she hadn't heard a word since. For weeks Wendy had felt like trash, her negative attitude drawing sympathetic friends like flies. But this morning something was going to be different. She felt it in her gut, like iron butterflies churning for freedom. As she entered Espresso Cafe, Wendy's eyes fell on June's graceful figure and stayed there.

June stood by the front door, waiting for a table, her white turtle neck and Levi's clinging closely to her six-foot frame. She noticed a lovely woman enter the cafe. Wendy had that typical dyke haircut—short on top, cut straight over the ears, shaved close at the nape. June decided to be her usual, bold self.

"There's a table opening up now. I've been waiting for 20 minutes. Do you want to share it with me?"

Startled that this tall beauty was addressing her, Wendy fumbled with an answer, "Um...sure...thanks."

June was pleased with herself. She had caught this confident looking, blue-eyed brunette off guard. The waiter showed them to the table, eyeing them suspiciously as if he knew that the meal

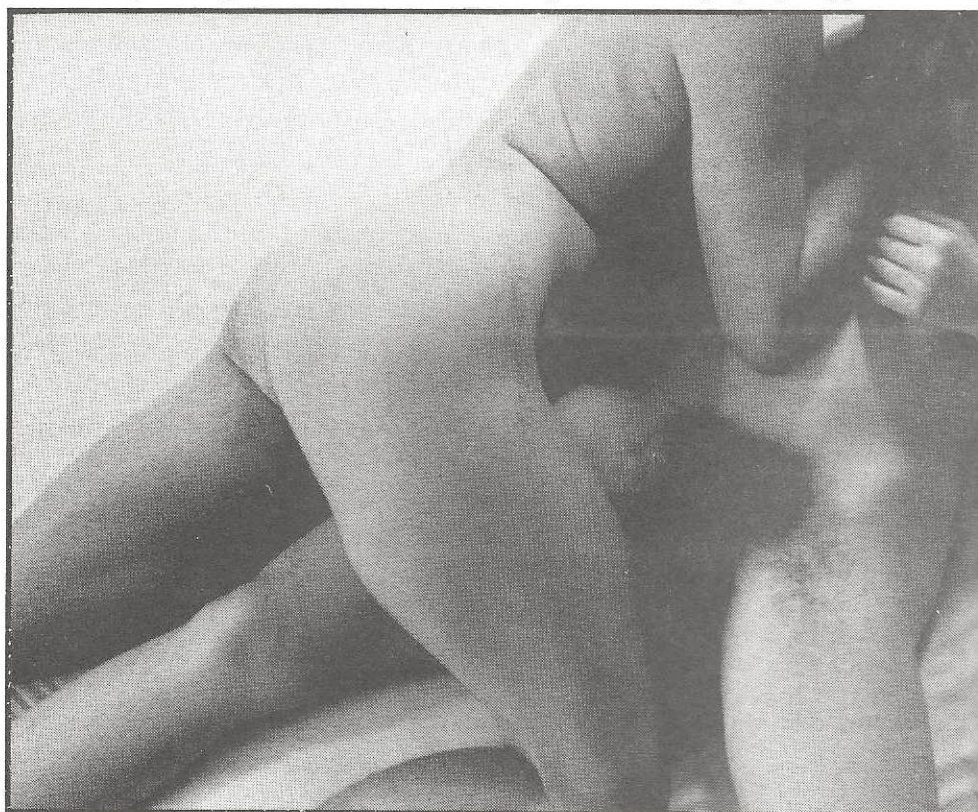
would be followed by a homemade dessert. After introducing themselves, June and Wendy both ordered coffee, no cream, and began looking over the menu.

Halfway through her Texas Ome-

have to think for a few seconds, while she swallowed her food, before answering.

"Would you like to come to my place after brunch?"

As if in response to the question, one drop of blueberry syrup slipped from



lette June knew she wanted to seduce this woman. It had been a habit of hers to bed with any woman she desired. She would wait till Wendy had a mouthful of buckwheat pancakes before bringing up the subject; that way Wendy would

Wendy's chin. She blinked her lapis eyes and smiled. This time Wendy didn't fumble with the answer. "Sure, I'd like that."

After paying their tabs the womyn strolled out of the cafe holding hands. It was early. All of the fundamentalist

christians were still in church so the act didn't get too many aghast stares. June's apartment was only three blocks away and they were at the front landing in a matter of minutes. Foregoing the usual small talk of new acquaintances, June shed her jacket and led Wendy directly to the bedroom. Unaccustomed to, yet pleased by this boldness, Wendy followed her seducer.

June's long, tan body against the light green sheets produced the desired effect in Wendy; she threw off her clothes and sat down by June. Their nakedness did not embarrass the two strangers. Instead it acted as a catalyst to their brewing desire.

Wendy was already wet before June reached up to stroke her neck with one long finger. The finger gently slid over the curve of her shoulder, along her collar bone and rested lightly on one taut nipple. Wendy sucked in air sharply, a gasp of pleasure. June repeated the skin exploration down the other shoulder, but this time with her tongue. Instead of resting lightly on the nipple, June circled the darker flesh with light flicks of her tongue. Wendy groaned

softly and fell against the sheets. June was quickly on top, kneeling between Wendy's eagerly spread legs. Leaning closer, till body touched body, June let her breasts caress the entire length of Wendy's torso. Nipples hardened as

Wendy fondled them with her toes and then begged for one to suck. The strangers-turned-lovers clung to each other, tongues on vulvas, sucking, nibbling, kissing those hot sweet spots.

Wendy came first, in a gulf of screams and shakes, her leg muscles involuntarily trembling even after her climax. The spent woman concentrated on bringing that big pleasure to her bed mate. Wendy worked her tongue back and forth, gliding gently, then harder and harder over June's thickening clitoris. She inserted two fingers into the wet cave between long legs. June came in a rush of heat and silence that was, in

a way, more piercing than Wendy's earlier shouts. June's wet lips cried out for more but her lover couldn't deliver.

Fully pleased, warm and exhausted the two womyn smiled and held hands. June decided that this one just might be a keeper. Wendy was finally able to enjoy another woman's body without feeling pangs of regret about her ex-lover.

"How would you like to stay for dinner?"

Wendy replied confidently, "Sounds great, but let's go to my place for home-made dessert."



THE VISIT

by Gina Dellatte

For the fifth afternoon running, I propped myself beneath a weathered oak tree. I knew my editor didn't send me to Merry Old England for *this*. But she did say I could spend my free time however wanted. So, here I was, forever the sentimental ass, pining away at a dead flame.

She appeared from the rear door, as she had each day. From my position, I watched her go about the farm chores. I sighed. Jane Bidwell Allen, the love of my life. And my greatest disappointment.

We'd been pen pals, Jane and I, about ten years before. Our mutual affection was pretty obvious, flowing freely in our letters. No matter that she was married with twin sons, and I was only sixteen. I'd never been in love with a woman before, and I went absolutely batshit over her. She was charming and witty and insightful. And I was gullible as hell.

Through five years of corresponding, we never met. I finally saved up enough money to visit her in Cheseborough, her sleepy little Cornwall town. On the night before my departure, all hell broke loose.

Her husband found my letters and tossed her out. She took the kids, and, with her parents' help, found a piece of property. Suddenly, she wanted nothing to do with me. She'd taken in a "friend", Petra, a woman two years younger than me. I was insane with jealousy and hurt feelings. Her conciliatory, polite note only

salted my already seething wounds.

Eventually, she cut me out of her life. I still sent cards at Christmas and the boys' birthdays. Without the favor of a reply. I should have blown her off, let it go. But tendrils of feeling still clung inextricably to me. I never had a normal relationship after that. She was all I wanted, so if I couldn't have her, I couldn't be happy. End of story.

So, there I sat, grumbling, unable to muster enough guts to introduce myself. I told myself she was the one who should be embarrassed, not me. Besides, so much had changed. I was an adult now, not the swooning little girl she'd stomped on.

Physically, my presence was unavoidable. My hair was white-blonde, shaved out on the sides, nearly a Mo-hawk. And I'd become an avid bodybuilder with a massive body. Besides, I was curious as hell.

I pulled myself to my feet. I gritted my teeth—it's now or never, Clark. Slinging my leather knapsack over my shoulder, I looked both ways and crossed the road. Jane had just loosed the horses into the paddock, and was busying herself in the stables. Clearing my throat, I strode in.

"May I help you?" Jane inquired, her honeysmooth voice pleasant. Her brine-green eyes perused my body openly

I nodded, "Yeah, I think so." I re-moved my wraparound sunglasses and gazed categorically at her. No reaction. "You

don't know me, do you?"

"Regrettably not, I'm afraid."

"Huh," I sneered. "How quickly we forget, Jane."

"I beg your pardon?" She raised her eyebrows.

"You should've done *that* years ago."

Jane's eyes were wide as saucers, and her hand flew to her mouth, which was agape. By the tears in her eyes, I could tell she'd made the connection. She just stood there, staring. To be honest, my overwhelming feeling was that of relief. But had a vague notion I'd upset her, and I was vengefully glad.

"Cody Clark," she said my name slowly, almost reverently. It sent chills up my spine. "You are dead sexy, luv."

"Gee, thanks."

"Well, this is a bit of all right, then," Jane fumbled. "Why didn't you phone me up, let me know you were about?"

I laughed aloud, "And ruin the surprise? Never. Besides, I thought you might not want to talk to me. You knew if I ever caught up with you, you'd be answerable for alot."

"I say, Cody, come on!" Jane exploded with an exasperated sigh, tossing her Titian locks out of her face. "Don't tell me you've got your nose put out over the whole business!"

"Oh, no, it's good deal worse than that, honey. I was in love with you. What the

Photo courtesy of OUTRAGEOUS WOMEN



hell did you run a number like that for? You knew I would have gone to the ends of the Earth to please you!" I was in her face now, shouting.

Jane was quiet, red-faced, "What *are* you on about?"

"I loved you and I want to know."

"Know what?"

I grabbed her by the shoulders, "Did you love me? Or did you and Petra just need a fall guy?"

"I don't want a big row over this..."

I felt a sudden rush—the proximity of her body, the smell of her musk cologne and the fresh hay. My head was thumping. I touched her full, pouting lips with my finger, "If you won't give me an answer, Jane, I'll just have to..."

"Wait just a minute, now!" Jane struggled, but I was absolutely too strong for her.

"Sorry, baby," I smiled easily, beginning to unbutton her blouse. "I've waited much too long. I'm not a little kid anymore. And I intend to make you hate yourself in the morning."

"Now hold on!" Her eyes flashed with rage. "You've gone a bit daft if you fancy I'd allow you to..."

"I don't recall asking your permission," I told her levelly.

"If you don't let me go," she whimpered as I pushed her clothing aside, "I'll scream, I swear it."

"Oh, no you won't. You're too composed to scream for something as petty as escape. But, when I'm through, I'll have you screaming in every available octave." Jane's teeth ground onto one another. She seemed determined not to make another sound. I trapped both her delicate wrists in one of my hands, and led her over to the nearest empty stall. The hay smelled fresh, clean.

A discarded bridle did the trick for binding her hands behind her. She squirmed and fought like a maligned feline, which I found cute if ineffective. With hands wrapped in her chestnut tresses, I drove her to her knees, and tipped her over supine. I began slowly, without design, running my hands over her skin, first softly, then briskly enough to redden it. My blunt nails raked her tenderest places—behind her knees, inside her elbows, beneath her breasts.

I bit her upthrust chin, snickering. "Stiff upper lip, hmm? Well, we both know you wouldn't be here unless you wanted to be, my lovely little package."

The words thrust her into a renewed frenzy. Jane thrashed and kicked furiously, trying to escape, and trying to hurt me, I'm sure. I held her pinned to the ground with my body weight pressing into her crotch. Each of her movements mashed her clit against my faded Levis. As she fought me, I continued running my hands over her body, torturing her nipples to hardness, and biting her until she was covered with my marks. She was howling like a wounded animal, tears drenching us both.

When I began to feel the sobs wrack her body, I slowed my pace not altogether convinced that she wasn't faking. The fight drained out of her, and she lay limply in the hay beneath me.

"Just once," I whispered, almost reverently, "I want you to know what it would've been like if you hadn't made a mistake..."

My tongue lapped at her, tasting salt and musk. I sucked her coral-nippled breasts into my mouth, one, then the other. Her stomach quivered under my hands she was still crying. Humming as I went, I laved her entire torso, paying special attention to the prominent protrusion of her clavicles, a feature I considered so supremely femme, so fucking hot.

Jane's body was such a wonder that I forgot our current situation. Suddenly, I was a teenager again, involved in a get-off-quick flight of imagination.

I dived between her legs, separating the folds of her with my mouth. I suckled at her juices like one dying of thirst, relentless and overwhelmed. With a nudge of my upper lip, her hard little clit sprang up to meet my tongue. I felt her try to pull herself away, press deeper into the hay and further from me. My hands on her hips restricted her movement.

"Lie still," I ordered quietly. Supporting her butt with one hand, I allowed the fingers of the other to slip easily into her cunt. Immediately, she stiffened and became motionless. Before me, her chest rose and fell with her breathing. At least she was still alive.

Summoning every bit of strength begotten of hours of Nautilus, I started to fuck

her. Hard. Deep. Long. Nothing happened. I tried harder, slamming into her with maximum force, pounding against the hard nub of her cervix. Damn you, bitch! growled a voice inside my head. Give in! Just give in!

"Cody!" My name from her lips was sudden, explosive.

"At your service."

"Stop. Oh, blast! Do stop! I can't take it. No more...no!" Her begging deteriorated into mindless screams, one part pain, one part ecstasy. Her shapely thighs gripped at my face and hands convulsively. She drenched me.

Bereft of my hold, the bridle unfurled easily, and Jane's hands shot out from behind her back to tangle in the hair at the nape of my neck. She was shivering and spasming, calming gradually until her breathing was deep and even.

Whether just comfort or "little death," Jane was soon slumbering peacefully in the soft hay. As I began to cover her with a wool blanket, I realized suddenly that my malice had headed for parts unknown. Don't fool yourself, Cody ol' girl! I chided myself. It'll be back, along with regrets you didn't do *this* sooner.

I wasn't even going to write this stuff down. I figured there wasn't a soul who'd believe it, anyhow. But this morning, after two weeks of waffling, I got a manila envelope with a Cornwall postmark. I read the note inside:

"C—

The rest of your lovely little package arrives Thursday next, Kennedy, 6 pm. 'Til then, thought you might fancy the ribbon.

Ever yours."

Out from the envelope and onto my lap slid a familiar, weathered old bridle.



TO BEAT HER

by J. Ahart

I pump iron, push safer sex and gyrate like a mad-woman if you put on a strong dancing beat. Sometimes I feel like an alien life form.

Photo Film Stills from Sluts & Goddesses by Annie Sprinkle and Tracy Mostovoy.

It is so natural, so easy, so smooth. This is a story about playing without a net.

This is about playing safe and strong with no safeword.

Slowly, we got to a place where we trust. I do not turn away when she strikes me. I turn back on her, or I back down, or laugh. It's best when I turn on her, draw back my hand to strike her, glare, we glare hard and breathe our heat into each other's faces, then let slip. The smiles creep in, we laugh, then hug. I love her.

So I'm jogging with her. I'm out of shape and young. She's only been lifting, not running, and she's packed and tight. I'm a pacer, from cross-country in school. She's got a great burst, a great sprint. I can't match it. Yet. I jump on her back when I can't burst, push, anymore and can't bear it. I can hold her for a moment or two, but she will take me down soon enough. I'm satisfied if I can bring her down with me when I fall. I don't let her get up again right away, even if she ends up on top.

So, we're jogging partners. She tells me about rugby. I absorb it, but don't understand it at all. Yet.

I pace her. It's what I do. We run up the hills and walk down. When my legs begin to cool, on the way down, I do my high-kneed prance to keep from tightening up. Late in the run, she cuts me loose and I stop jogging. I fly. I skip and run. My body and I, we love each other. I let it break up the chunk, chunk, chunk of jogging to fly for a bit. She tells me to save myself. "Cool your jets," she says.

She reins me in when I hear a tree begging me to climb it. When we reach the bottom of the hill, she points to where we'll end up. Right up the hill, right across the grass, wet and leafy. Don't follow her, and whatever I do, don't wait for her, she tells me. I'm prepared to watch. I'm tired. She's tired, too. I'm prepared to be impressed. I am. She bursts up the hill and keeps pushing, keeps pumping, keeps accelerating. I'm pumping, chunk, chunk... chunk... chunk up through the leaves, across the uneven ground, the ground pulling at me tugging me downward. I fight it but don't have what it takes to play rugby.

Then she has me do some sprints.

* * *

I was trying to get to the sex part, when we reached that covered place, deep under the trees, on the deep leaves, gasping at the crisp air. This is where I take off my sweatshirt, too hot in my layers, though our breath steams up around our ears as we bend for a bit of stretch. We pant. She stands and looks at me. We appreciate each other for several moments. I am fire/young/eager. She is hot/tight/disciplined. She pulls me to her and I feel her shirt sticking to her hot skin. I smell her, feel her body pound under my hands. I press my nose cold against her throat. She tilts her head back and I want her. I bite her. I put my hands up her shirt, and warm them on her breasts. I slip one around her back. I kiss her, pulling her toward me with a tug of her lip clenched between my





teeth. She leans forward. I run a hand around the band of her shorts in the front.

"Can you take it standing up?" She does not resist. Press against her, my arm is caught in our embrace, my hand in the hair of her mons. I try to get inside her, my fingers spread her lips and reach, hook past her clit. Only my fingertips can taste the wet pulse. Frustrated, I collapse at her feet with a growl, and nip at the softness of fur beneath her shorts. The smell! I want. I nuzzle and pant through the cloth. Hungry! My arms wrap around her legs to pull and hold her to my face. The taste! I want to taste it. She sways above me. Her fingers are wrapped around a branch. She holds herself up by it and sighs in the breeze. Then my fingers are wet. My hand on the inside of her thigh, wrapped around behind slid up the leg of her shorts. It is slick with her eagerness, her own hunger. I am giddy for a moment, and trembling slightly. The feeling is so raw! I hold onto it for an instant, feeling my own tongue alive in my own mouth.

"You'll take me now." I find her waiting-wet and reach in. She groans. Standing, I kiss her deeply. My thrust comes from the shoulder, pressing, thrusting, pressing. She is stretched tight across my knuckles. She is steaming.

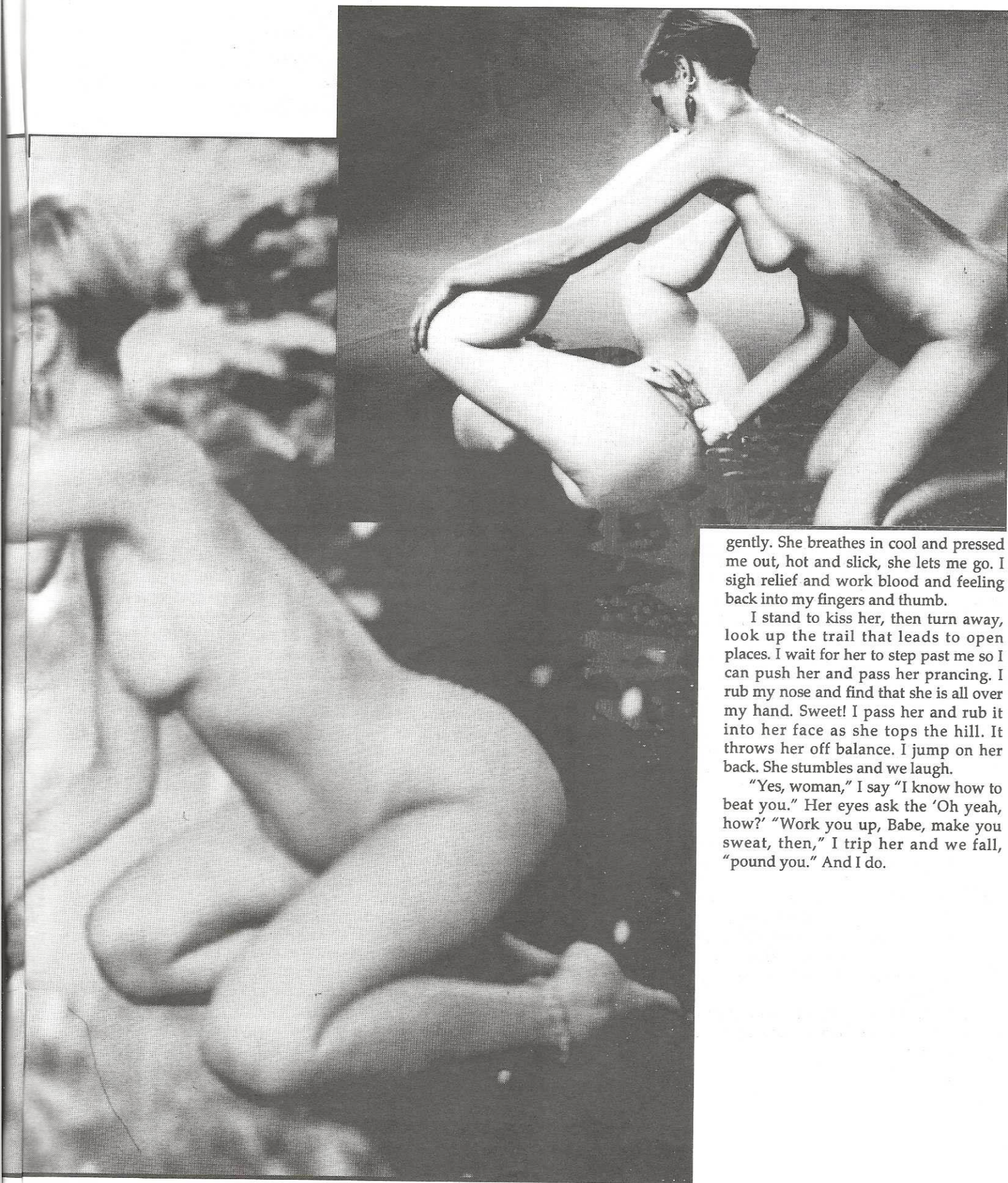
My fist is in the small of her back. I imagine my hands meeting, separated by only a thin expanse of muscle, feeling each other and her pinned between. I want in. She flexes in my arms and the pressure incites me. Bending my knees to get beneath her, I pound, pound,



press hard, turn my hand slightly at the wrist and pound her.

"Knock, knock," I whisper loudly "Let me in!" And she does. She opens to me, and the moment stands still while the pressure and the burn are one. Then she is holding me whole and hot and I fill her completely. Holding the branch, steadying herself, she bends her knees and rocks forward. Then we are moving again, picking out a rhythm from the scrapping of leaves. I press, and she moves herself around me, drops a bit of her weight onto my hand, picks herself up off of me slightly. When it is all she can do to be still and open, I keep pushing, pumping her, hard and shallow, soft and deep. My arm is burning. My shoulder aches. I ride it out, breathing in pain and releasing it in bursts of quick strokes, followed by long full ones. The tears arise behind my eyes when she tightens around me. I am held, shaking with her motion. She clamps me long and hard again. I groan with her, we have pressed past it all, past the pain and the pleasure to the place where her heat and heart pull her away from me. I feel her rise up toward the sky, hear her catch on the bottoms of leaves as she reaches for the clear air above. My movement inside her brings her back with a shudder. She shakes her head clear and drops her eyes gently onto my shoulders. I pull to free myself, slowly,





gently. She breathes in cool and pressed me out, hot and slick, she lets me go. I sigh relief and work blood and feeling back into my fingers and thumb.

I stand to kiss her, then turn away, look up the trail that leads to open places. I wait for her to step past me so I can push her and pass her prancing. I rub my nose and find that she is all over my hand. Sweet! I pass her and rub it into her face as she tops the hill. It throws her off balance. I jump on her back. She stumbles and we laugh.

"Yes, woman," I say "I know how to beat you." Her eyes ask the 'Oh yeah, how?' "Work you up, Babe, make you sweat, then," I trip her and we fall, "pound you." And I do.

***stranded* by Camarin Grae**
Nalad Press, 1991 307pp; \$9.95
Reviewed by Andrea L. T. Peterson

While Camarin Grae's *stranded* may leave science fiction buffs feeling a little stranded, hungry for something a bit more convincing, it is an enjoyable story of love, friendship, trust, and sacrifice—all with a futuristic twist.

Jenna, an alien from the planet Allo, arrives on Earth as a disembodied mind seeking to find an earthling whose body she can inhabit or "boost," and hoping to find her travel companions, love partner Billy and friend Cass, who have, like herself, been propelled into the void toward Earth, where their mission is to neutralize Allo-exile Zephkar who seeks to destroy and take over the earth.

Zephkar, a malevolent mutant who has escaped from the Region of the Exiles, has already arrived on Earth, in Chicago, where she has "boosted" the body of James Lane. Lane, a rather innocuous fellow who believes that Zephkar is truly an angel of God speaking through him, willingly offers his body for Zephkar's use. Zephkar, however misuses, more than uses, Lane's body.

While inhabiting Lane's body, Zephkar coerces influential individuals to support New Direction, the fundamentalist religion she has founded as the base of the political party she will use to take over the world. Likewise, Zephkar inhabits the bodies of those who oppose her—long enough to destroy them by apparent suicide.

Zephkar is already quite a rising star of the religious and political scenes by the time Jenna has befriended Amy and Agatha—earthling lesbians who permit her to "boost" their bodies as necessary. The three travel from San Francisco to Chicago to join Cass. Meanwhile, Cass, who has found a permanent host for her formerly disembodied mind, has also found a few new friends of her own. Together the women conclude that the only way to stop Zephkar is to strand her, since a disembodied mind cannot speak or act without embodying a host.

For a disembodied mind to be stranded, the nearest thing to being destroyed, it must be more than six feet from a possible host and isolated there—without the chance of a possible host, or some object that it can temporarily attach itself to, entering that six-foot zone.

Billy, who, thus far, has been stranded somewhere in Nebraska, with no way to contact Cass or Jenna, finally boosts some young boy, finds a permanent host, and manages to join the others in Chicago.

She and Jenna, love-partners on Allo, must explore their relationship in light of their new world, their new bodies, and the new culture that, though in many ways detestable to them, is now their own. It is not certain that their relationship can withstand the multiple shocks to it. Nor is it clear that they can succeed in stopping Zephkar.

While inviting each reader to explore a number of difficult ethical questions, Grae offers, in *stranded*, an easy-to-read, entertaining, almost charming story.

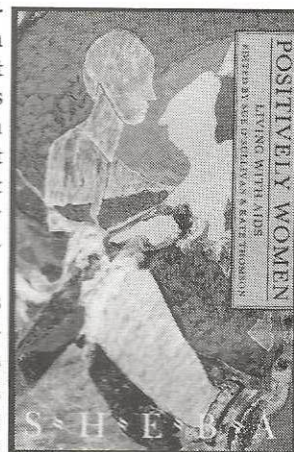
Positively Women:
***Living with AIDS*, edited by**
Sue O'Sullivan & Kate Thomson
Sheba Feminist Press, 1992, 319pp; \$12
Reviewed by Michelle McInnis

After years of research, interviews and editing Sue O'Sullivan and Kate Thomson have come out with a book of empowering stories and information for and by women living with AIDS. Although most of the work comes from Great Britain, the geography can easily be translated to any country, anywhere on the globe.

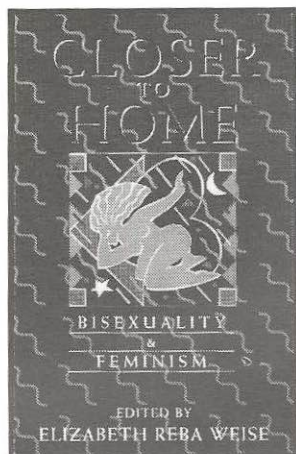
Despite varying backgrounds of class, age, race and sexual orientation *Positively Women* explores the idea that women, as second class citizens in society at large, are second class participants in the AIDS crisis. This sad fact is born out in the United States where women with AIDS die sooner than their white, gay, male counterparts.

Although most of the women interviewed are heterosexual ex-drug users *Positively Women* stresses that the issue is not in identifying and labelling a "high-risk group", but in identifying "high-risk behavior." For that simple, but major difference we see many lesbians joining the ranks of HIV Positive sex workers, intravenous drug-users and heterosexual women having unprotected sex.

Gay men, the first group of people affected by the pandemic have started many community outreach programs and HIV/AIDS organizations. But their experiences as gay men has often meant their understanding and experience with women's issues are limited. This book is a step in a positive direction toward educating the fastest growing, and least discussed group of HIV Positive people: Women. Necessarily, acknowledging and adding this fact to other women's issues such as sexual harassment, spousal abuse, freedom of choice and equal rights will greatly alleviate the pain and suffering, the loneliness and rejection HIV positive women face.



**Closer to Home:
Bisexuality & Feminism**
edited by Elizabeth Keba Weise
Seal Press, 1992, 338pp; \$14.95
reviewed by Michelle McInnis



Closer to Home is an anthology collecting essays that attempt to challenge the notion of bipolar sexuality and how the political theory of feminism fits into the greater scheme of queer politics.

The key word is queer. With the rise of bisexual support groups and bisexuality as a valid choice a greater encompassing word had to be found that was inclusive as opposed to gay/lesbian. In the early days of the gay rights movement bisexuals were looked upon as being confused about their identity. They were working their way

through that confusion until they, ultimately, made the right choice, be it heterosexual or homosexual. Many of the women chosen in this book speak of encounters with the lesbian community where they are asked: Why go back to men if you've had women?

Here the book tackles the idea that radical feminist thought and lesbian identity can never justify the existence of men being involved in the process. It is men who are the oppressors and for a lesbian feminist to be sexually involved with a man undermines her chosen style of living. Dvora Zipkin best illustrates this in her essay *Why Bi?* "This is a true story: A woman gets on a plane, and a man sits down next to her. They spend the entire flight talking and make an intense connection. It's the relationship everyone dreams about: they see eye to eye on everything and, over the course of the flight, fall in love. The problem is, the woman identifies as a lesbian. So, when they land and the man asks if he may have her telephone number, she says, 'No.' He is shocked; he asks her, 'Why not? It's obvious what's happening here.' And she answers, 'Because you don't fit into my life. And I don't know where to put you in my life.'"

But can feminist fit men into their lives? The collective answer here is: Yes. Bisexual women *choose* to fit men and women into their lives. This choice flies in the face of the main argument for gay rights, that we were born this way, we have no choice. Bisexuality takes that argument and turns it on its head, but without destroying its legitimacy. Bisexuality, according to the women collected here is truly the most radical form of sexual identity. Patriarchal hetero society says be one or the other. You can't be both. Bisexual feminism can add much to the "queer" rights movement. It is a necessary and empowering ingredient to a struggle that shall be won.

To Love Again
by Evelyn Kennedy
Nalad Press, 1991, 198pp
Reviewed by Andrea L. T. Peterson

Evelyn Kennedy's *To Love Again* is not just a coming out novel. It is a coming-to-terms-with-life novel in which two women, Karen and Joanna, who are nearing middle age must accept the unpleasant realities of their lives. Joanna—Dr. Joanna Jordan—runs a women's clinic in Atlanta that is the subject of much controversy. Anti-abortion groups frequently picket the clinic and harass the doctor and those who attempt to enter the clinic.

Karen, on her first morning as a volunteer at the clinic, is caught between the protesting crowd and Dr. Jordan. She and the doctor are among those arrested and thrown into jail. This first, not so pleasant meeting, is one of many meetings that eventually force Karen to admit how unfulfilling her marriage of almost two decades is. Her husband, Phillip, is smug, domineering, and condescending. Their relationship is one of compromise, with Karen constantly compromising—time and again shaping and reshaping her own life to suit Phillip.

In spite of her sacrificing everything—even her own happiness—for her teenage sons, they choose their father over her. Settling for the life she thought she had, she found in fact she had nothing.

Joanna, faced with the intensity of her own feeling for Karen, must acknowledge that she and Vicki, her lover of nearly 15 years, have considerably more differences of opinion than things in common. Through the years they have grown farther apart—not together. Not unlike Karen, Joanna has long been mired in a stagnant pool which she has called a relationship and she, too, has remained unaware of her own predicament.

As each realizes how much she is able to give to and receive from the other they must choose either to move ahead into uncertainty or to turn back to what is painfully familiar.

Assaulted by images and thoughts of life together, Karen and Joanna must each continually contemplate the reality of life as it is—fear is keeping them apart. Perhaps they can continue to live apart from each other. Perhaps not. Perhaps they can afford to pay the price of being together. Or, perhaps they can reach a compromise—anything is possible.

ALL THE NEWS THAT YOU CAN USE

Women's Motorcycle Festival '92

Wells College, located along the eastern shores of Cayuga Lake in central New York, will be the site of Women's Motorcycle Festival '92 August 16th -19th. For the first time in the festival's herstory (which began in 1984), W. M. F. will move out of tents and off dirt roads to the comforts of dorm rooms, endless hot water, paved parking lots and much, much more. Recreational activities abound from tennis to bowling, volleyball, and basketball. There's also a fitness center, indoor pool, a ballroom for dancing and an acoustically perfect auditorium.

There will be many motorcycle workshops on such topics as "Touring the Alps," "Basic Four-stroke engine Theory," "Motorcycle Maintenance," "Group Riding Techniques," and "Attaching a Trailer to your Scooter."

Competitions, live entertainment and many group rides will also be featured. If you are interested in attending W. M. F. '92, or just interested call or write:

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Ecstasy Lounge: A New Concept in Lesbian Erotic Environments

Ecstasy Productions is proud to announce that Ecstasy Lounge, the first ever safe sex club for women is open in San Francisco. Housed in a 2-floor, 2000 square foot building on upper Market Street, Ecstasy Lounge is a place for women to participate *and* to educate themselves about the possibilities and realities of hotter, safer sex and to enjoy the pleasures and recreation between consensual and adventurous women in a beautiful and clean environment.

Ecstasy Productions was founded in 1991 to promote and create new concepts in erotic lesbian environments. Last year they produced a number of successful erotic play parties for 200 to 450 women.

Kitaka Gara and Judith Cohen, Co-owners of Ecstasy Productions, collectively sum it up by saying: "We strongly feel that providing a safe space for women to play *and* educate themselves about safe sex is an idea whose time has definitely come. That given the opportunity, women can and will lay claim to their right for their freedom of sexual choices and their ability to express those choices in a play-safe environment." For more information contact Kitaka at (415) 821-7633, or Judith at (415) 431-9282.

Womanlink Celebrates 5th Birthday

To celebrate its 5th birthday, *Womanlink*, the first SM and leather women's mail-networking organization, offers a free 5th issue of its quarterly newsletter and roster to women who join for one year before January 15, 1993. Current member's

subscription have been extended by one issue to celebrate *Womanlink*'s healthy longevity.

Womanlink publishes its roster, a detailed list of members' SM interest, and what they want in play partners, friends or both. It is of particular use to women who travel and don't have the time to spend cultivating friends and partners face-to-face as they travel. *Womanlink* gives women a chance to get to know one another safely, at a leisurely pace, by mail and by phone, to explore interests, to decide to meet for lunch, for play, or not at all.

For more information, send a self addressed stamped envelope to:

Womanlink
2124 Kittredge #257
Berkely, CA 94704

Australian Lesbian Festival and Conference

Mark it on your calendars now: October, 1993, Western Australia. It will be Australia's springtime and there will be millions of wildflowers in bloom. The gloriously unpolluted, turquoise waters of the Indian Ocean will be sparkling and Lesbians from all over the world will be gathering to celebrate our lives and our diversity.

For more information contact:
Lesbian Festival and Conference
POBox 985
Fremantle
Western Australia 6160

First openly lesbian candidate to run write-in campaign

Eileen Myles, a poet from New York City filed papers with the New York State Board of Elections to be a write-in candidate for the 1992 Presidential elections. "As a working class woman who still makes under \$20,000 a year, there are a lot more people like me in America than like George Bush," she said in filing her candidacy.

Healthcare will be the biggest plank on her platform which is also strongly pro-choice and pro-freedom of speech. Part of Myle's campaign will be to make clear how invisible lesbians are in the American landscape. "They say one out ten women is a lesbian, but except for Martina there isn't a single really famous one," she says.

For more information contact:
Write In Myles
POBx 20741
Tompkins Sq. Stn.
NY NY 10009

Getting Wet: Tales of Lesbian Seductions

Hot anthology edited by Carol Allain and Rosamund Elwin, is by, for and about lesbians in lust and love. This is sex fiction that gets under the covers and rolls them back, sex fiction that inscribes the lesbian erotic poignantly, playfully and powerfully. Published by Women's Press of Toronto, Ontario

Short Rides by Wendy Borgstrom

Lace Publications, an imprint of Alyson Publications is pleased to announce the release of Wendy Borgstrom's new book, *Short Rides*. From mud-wrestling to sex education for the married woman next door Wendy Borgstrom delivers much more than wanton lesbians on the loose. She gives us lesbian lives.

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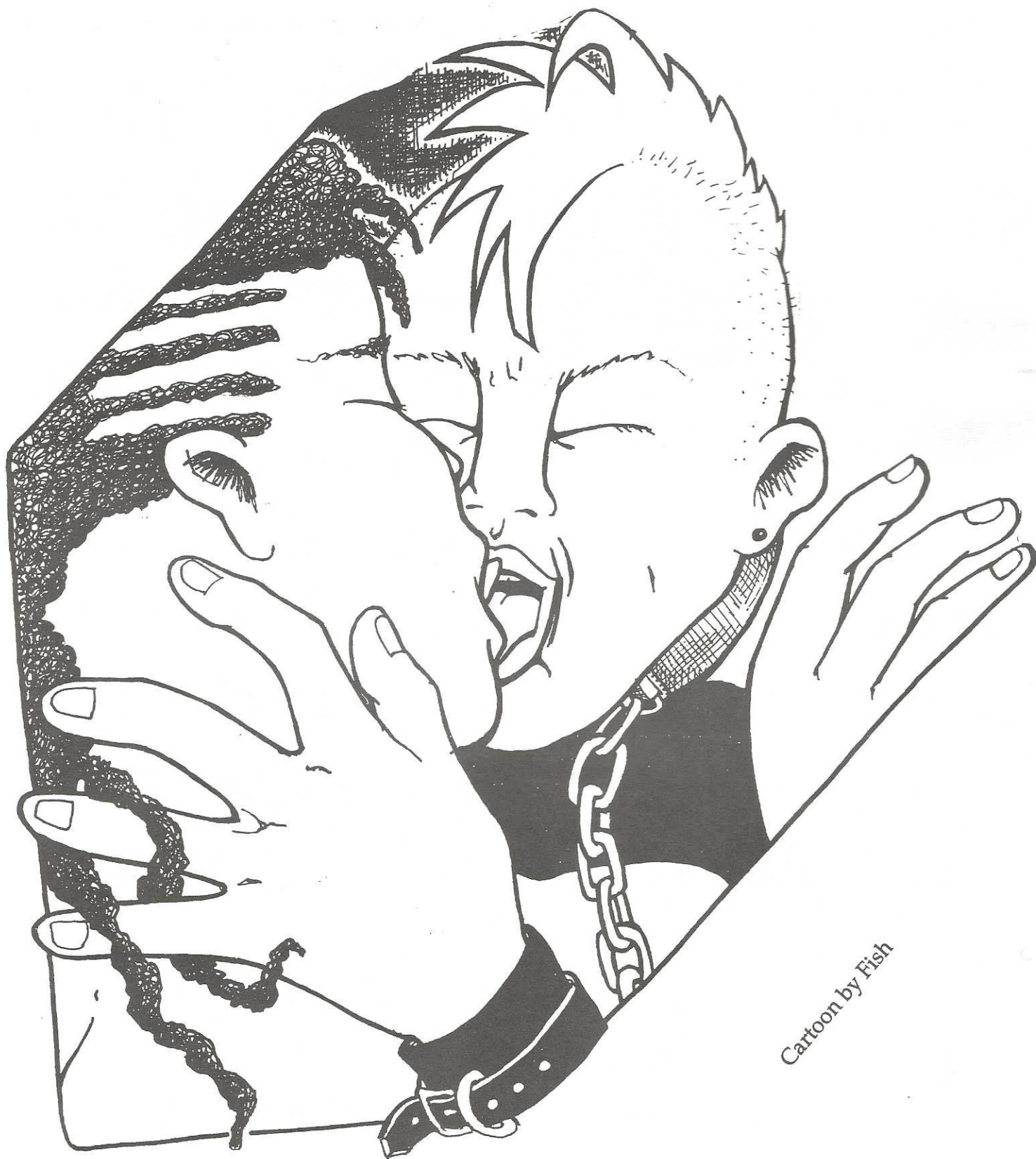
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A new support group for female to male transvestites, transgenderists, transexuals and their partners has formed in New England. For more info contact Bet Power (413) 584-7616, Lonnie (617) 926-7691 or Michael Kirk (617) 522-5605

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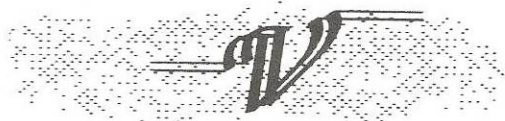
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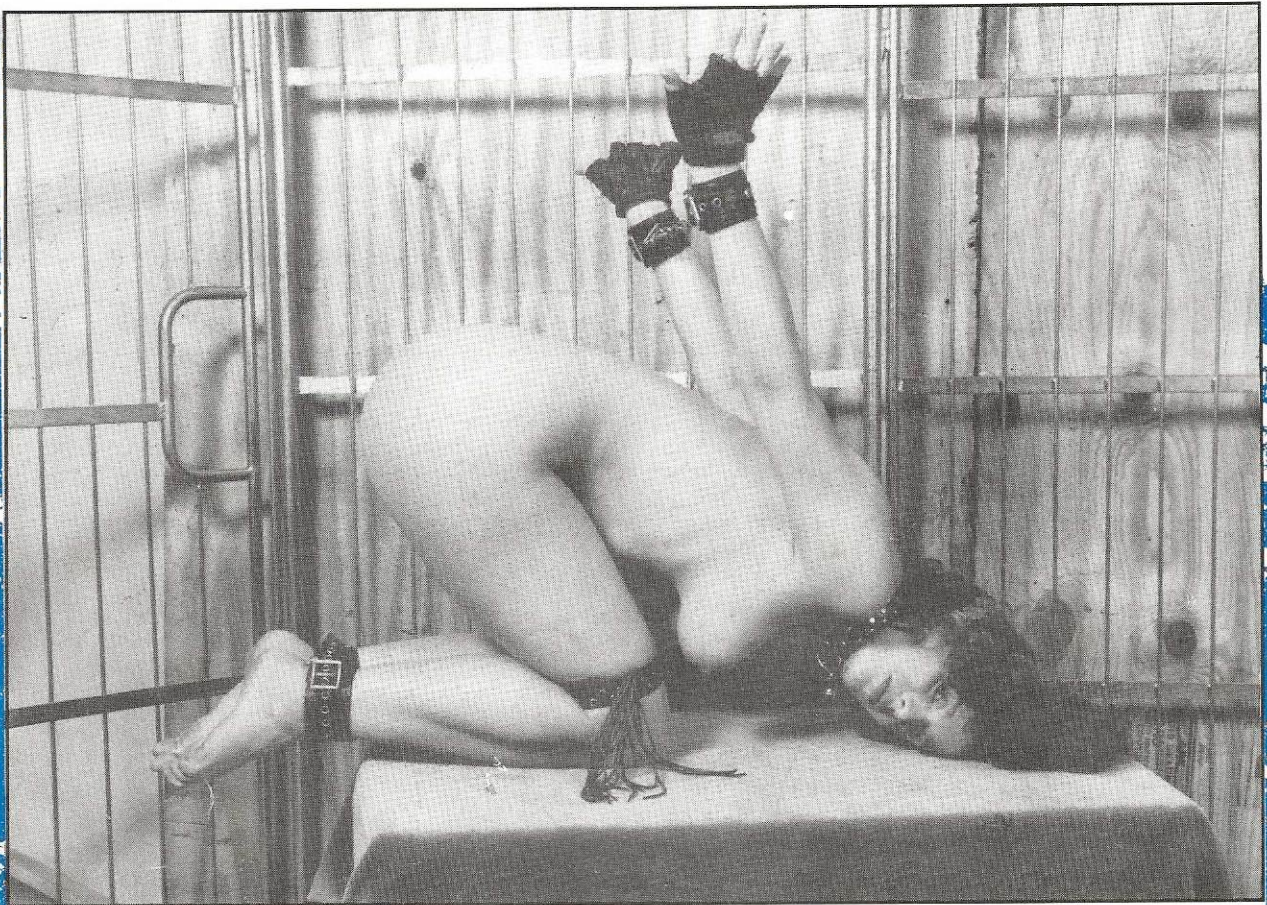
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